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The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which trieth our Hearts."

VOLUME XXIII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1871. NUMBER 1176.

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The Independent.

JOHN'S POEM.

BY W. C. WILKINSON.

I MET him in the Pitti Palace, changed
From the fair boy that I had known at school
And loved a score of years before—man-grown.
A full bass voice from 'twixt his bearded lips,
And a wife leaning on his yielded arm.
Slow sauntering to and fro, from this to that,
And back to repurse the artist's thought
In a new light, or with some deeper guess
More deeply seen, they lingered, and I watched
And made him out. John's old-time look—
The gesture of the hand, the mobile brow,
The smile, the mien, the air—all, all was his.
The voice, the same, my friend. I went toward him
To call his name and claim him; but his eye
Met mine with regard so alien-wise,
And seemed to challenge my intent with such
A courteous hospitality of doubt
That I was dashed to disbelieve my guess.
"Pardon," I said, "but something that I saw
Or fancied in your face and port misled
My eyes to find in you an old-time friend.
And still, sir, you are still so strangely like."
We looked at one another eye to eye,
Till suddenly our souls swam to our eyes,
And "John!" and "Walter!" made us boys and friends.
One evening after, at their inn, I sat
Till late to talk with John of the old days.
His wife a silent partner of our talk,
And waiting for our mutual tales to reach
The time when she knew John—it seemed half strange
To her that any one had known her John
Before she knew him—but her silent art
In listening lent its secret charm to make
Our reminiscences more sweet to both,
And lure us further on. At last John said:
"There, Mary, you remember, we first met.
And Mary smiled with such a woman's grace
Of gladness to be blended in John's thought
With scenes so dear to him, that I conceived
A wish, too sudden for the second mind
That hastened after with its late reproof,
To know their lovers' story—how they met
And loved, and what the fortunes of their love.
I said: "If I could hear how you two met,
And mastered fate, and out of twain were one,
Perhaps, perhaps, I know not, it might yield
Solution of a riddle of my life
Which baffles me." Misgiving made me bold,
And I went on. "So, frankly, Madam, here,
In your own presence, for my loyal pledge
Of being no curious prier only, I
By leave assumed from you, as not saying nay,
Beg to be told what other may be told
How John found you and won a noble wife.
So, John, the whole, the crescent, wax or wane,
Eclipses, occultations, all, to the full moon,
And long, long light, and cloudless sky of love."
In wedlock. John and Mary smiled,
But whether "yes" or "no" I did not guess,
Shutting my eyes to dream what I should hear.
And John: "Well, Mary, shall I tell him all
How frankly you surrendered first to me;
And how your heart misgave you afterward,
To make you doubt yourself and doubt the truth
Of the most true conclusion of your life?
Ah, Mary, you, unconscious four o'clock,
Folded yourself demurely from my love,
And played at death to me, deceiving not
Your lover, who was wiser, but yourself.
I never gave you up through that long lapse,
Long to the doubt and fear that made my love
Delirious with a sad solicitude
Of hope, though brief as one swift week of June.
It was not all at unawares to me
When you shut up your bloom and ceased to breathe
Your heart of sweetness out in sacrifice
To make me rich—a warning went before.
Forwarned, I watched and waited for the life
Of love within my folded flower to rise
And finding her petals open fair again.
Once wooed, twice won I wedded you my wife."
"A poem, or a parable?" I asked.
"Perhaps some echo out of days so sweet
Or sad—and sad, yet not unsweet"—he said,
"Still lingers in my heart to tune my speech
In speaking of them. They were very sweet,
A poem and a parable to me.
I never told you, Mary, but true love
Even made your John a rhymer for that once
In all his life—'twas with no wish or will
Of mine, and therefore with no blame to me.
A rhythm in Nature, then full pressed with June,
And music in the motion of my blood
Turned all my thoughts of you perforce to song.
My song was very brave and gay at first
And thankful; not the birds rejoice in choir
Over the springing grass and bursting flowers
More than the soul of song within me born
Caroled for awe and gladness over you.
But a strong wind bore down the flying jet
Of music from the fountain of my heart,
And beat it prone to pathos; then again
It soared and triumphed, for that wind went down.
But, parable or poem, here it is:"

MY FLOWER.

I.

My God hath made a flower to blow
For me, for me alone;
There is no other heart can know,
No other but my own,
The sweetness of this human flower
That blooms for me alone.

She blossoms when she wills, my flower,
But always wills to me;
The rest that came to find her bower,
They came, but did not see
The flower that would not bloom for them,
But always wills to me.

She waited twenty springs in leaf,
Distilling sun and shower,
Her maiden-April joy and grief,
To sweetness every hour—
Such change to sweetness never yet
Did suffer sun and shower.

But when God drew my feet to where
She folded up her heart
And twenty years of sweetness there,
The leaf began to part
And show the flower, that never now,
Shall never fold her heart.

I cannot tell why this is so;
It seems an utter grace.
There is no cause in me, I know,
No power of worthiness;
But I remember once before
An equal utter grace.

Does any doubt discomfort me?
Is it not perfect bliss?
Surely I know my dream will be
More and more rich than this.
Strange that the foolish heart should fear
Too sudden perfect bliss.

My flower's breath grows sweet and faint,
Like the lark's voice when far;
But the lark feels the earth's constraint,
He does not cross the bar—
The lark comes back—I cannot think
My flower will faint too far.

II.

She was not mistress of her will;
"My time of bud and leaf,
My folded bloom, so rich and still,
Alas! 'twas all too brief."
My flower repined, in wish and dream
Relapsing into leaf.

And so she swooned away from me,
One syncope of bloom,
And that rose heart ceased suddenly
To throb and pulse of perfume.
The others called it death, but I
Only suspense of bloom.

She swooned of her own sweetness then;
The fragrance she exhaled
Became the breath she breathed again,
'Twas so her being failed.
It was not life for her, but me,
The fragrance she exhaled.

But in a trance of love and hope,
Long hope, begot of love,
Long love, hope-nurtured, like a cope
Of prophet's warmth above,
That hoarding heart of sweet, I watched
The second bloom of love.

The blithe young year was flushed with June;
No flower withheld its gift;
A holocaust of incense boon
The priestess tribes uplift;
Amid this wide oblation how
Shall she withhold her gift?

She yields, she blooms—the blossomed bowers,
Sweet with self-sacrifice,
The sister-lore of censer flowers
Prevailed to make her wise;
My flower had learned that flowers are sweet
For sweet self-sacrifice!

And now her frank and open bloom,
Wide to the air and sun,
Feels with each waft of lost perfume
New strength for sweetness won.
Sweet and not faint her breath has grown
Since wide to air and sun.

—There grew a fine vibration in John's voice,
The pathos of past gladness, as he read:
"Words, Walter, words—a riddle, if you will;
Take them and spell them out—I make them yours.
Sitting by Mary, and remembering all,
Dear friend, I trust for you some good like mine."

THE PRESIDENCY OF YALE COLLEGE.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. PICKERING, OF SQUASHVILLE.

[Introductory Note by Leonard Bacon, D.D.]

NEW HAVEN, June 2d, 1871.

Messrs. Editors:—Qui facit per alium facit per se. In response to your request for occasional contributions, I take the liberty of introducing to you, and (if you please) to your readers, a friend of mine, whose contributions I am sure will be at least as good as any that I could write on the same subject. He was quite suddenly called out from his obscurity by a distinguished citizen of your great emporium, who, in a commencement-dinner speech at New Haven last summer, named him, not very respectfully, as one of the incorporated "Fellows of Yale College." With characteristic diffidence, he held his peace at the time, and went home; but there, "while he was musing the fire burned," and it became necessary for him to find some way of expressing himself. In the *New Englander* for October last he came before the public with a letter on certain schemes, proposed by a party calling itself "Young Yale," for the reconstruction of Yale College. The favor with which that letter was received by the public surpassed (I think) his expectation; and "the Rev. Mr. Pickering, of Squashville," whom the orator, speaking for "Young Yale," had supposed to be quite "exhausted with keeping a few sheep in the wilderness," found that he had suddenly become in some degree famous. I trust he will not be "exalted above measure"; but I cannot rid myself of a suspicion that the good man entertains a timid expectation of sharing at last in the yearly dispensation of literary honors from our colleges, and of seeing his heretofore humble name printed in the next catalogue with a certain suffix unknown to Hebrew grammar.

As I was the means of introducing him to the *New Englander*, he now desires to obtain, through the same agency, an introduction to THE INDEPENDENT, and has put into my hands the communication herewith enclosed. I find that he is already meditating another, and is proposing to elucidate in his way the difference between universities and colleges and the distinction which he makes (and which, he thinks, the alumni and the public ought to understand) between Yale College and the University in New Haven.

Yours truly,

LEONARD BACON.

When the announcement was made that at the next commencement President Woolsey will resign his office, the question Who shall be the next president of Yale College? began to be agitated in the newspapers. Many eminent men have been propounded to the public as candidates, and have been commended and otherwise discussed; some of whom, I am confident, were surprised, and others sorely vexed, to find themselves mentioned in that way. All this would be quite natural in an age of omniscient editors, gossipy correspondents, and impudent interviewers; but, inasmuch as in our age every conductor of a reputable newspaper frankly acknowledges that there are many questions about things in Heaven and earth which he does not understand and is not competent to decide, and purveyors of news (with rare exceptions) are conscientiously careful not to intrude into what is none of their business, and a published interview is generally regarded as evidencing the impudence of the interviewer, this public discussion of the various merits of so many candidates is not easily accounted for. Admitting that the election is a matter of great importance outside of the academic body, and that this or that particular candidate has friends who for his sake, or for the sake of some idea represented by his name, are eagerly desirous that the choice may fall on him, the question remains how far the electors in this case are likely to be governed by what they read in the newspapers. If it were in my heart to damage some meritorious and distinguished man's chances of being called to speak Latin from the pulpit of the Center church in New Haven on commencement days, my desire would be that his friends might undertake to waft him into the place by the windy agitation which sometimes determines the election of a senator or a governor. Those eighteen "Fellows of Yale College"—this I may say, though I have been publicly named as not worthy to be one of them—are likely to think for themselves on this question, to consult the most competent advisers in the academic body and out of it, and to talk the matter over in their informal meetings with each other. And, at last, when the ballot-box shall be passed around the long table in the corporation room, the majority of them will give their votes not for the most conservative man, nor for the most "advanced thinker"; not for the most learned scholar, nor for the most brilliant genius; not for the man who will most closely imitate his honored predecessor, nor for the one who will most rapidly turn things upside down; but for the man who, in their judgment, is likely to be most efficient in maintaining and advancing the usefulness of the old institution founded by Christian men in the interest especially of Christian learning, and of science consecrated to the glory of God.

It will be understood, then, that I do not propose to discuss in this communication the fitness of any candidate for the presidency of Yale College, nor to give either hint or guess as to the probable choice of the corporation. Assuming that the affairs of that institution are interesting, not only to its graduates, dispersed through the world, but to intelligent readers generally, I will venture to unburthen my mind on a different topic. Concerning the next "President of Yale College," the question *who* he shall be is not, in my judgment, the only question nor the first question. Prior to that in logical order, if not in the order of business, is another question, namely, *What* shall he be? Shall he be little more than the principal of the academical department, the head of its police, and the chief teacher of its senior class? Or, shall he preside over all the departments alike, giving to each, in the compound ratio of its importance and of its wants, its due portion of his care, and laboring for each to lift it into its proper position? Shall he be the unifying and inspiring mind that shall bring the separate departments into conscious and effective co-operation?

If the next president is to do nothing else than what President Stiles and President Dwight did in their times (save as the methods of college teaching and college government have been improved)—if he is simply to fill the office to which President Day was chosen fifty-three years ago, or even that to which President Woolsey was chosen twenty-five years ago—the choice need not be very difficult. What we want in that case is, most of all, a judicious disciplinarian, kind, prudent, firm, blending dignity with gentleness, and sufficiently learned to command respect. Let the electors inquire for the man who, being competent to instruct in some of the studies of the senior year, is best qualified to administer the academic government over five or six hundred pupils, of whom the large majority are boys under eighteen years of age. The dignity of such an office especially if relieved of certain drudgeries traditionally but not necessarily belonging to it, the usefulness which may be achieved in it, the opportunity which it gives to the incumbent of associating himself with the most treasured memories of the minds that come year by year under his teaching and the magnetism of his personal influence, may well make it attractive to men of the best gifts and of the highest and most Christian aspirations. Fortunately, it cannot, but by some strange mistake, become attractive to those who measure a man's success in life by the money which his talents bring him, nor to those who think that a hard-working man has a hard time of it. In the meagerness of its emoluments, in its nature as essentially *cura animarum*, and in the infinite issues of the relation between the incumbent and those whom he guides and teaches, it bears a close resemblance to the pastoral office; and therefore it is that not only by the unbroken tradition of one hundred and seventy years, but by the constitution and the very conception of Yale College, the president is always a man who has been consecrated to the service of Christ in the ministry of the Gospel.

Doubtless the governing Faculty of the Academic Department must have such an officer at its head—an officer holding the same relation to the students and to his colleagues in the functions of government and instruction which President Day held so long, and which President Woolsey is now about to resign. But I find myself, just here, confronted with the question whether that officer must needs be at the same time the president of the corporation; and, if so, whether there must not be, sooner or later, another officer, who, instead of being almost exclusively occupied with the affairs of that one department, shall represent, not nominally alone, but really, the unity of the great institution in which all the departments are included. I confess that the question which I have stated is one which I am not prepared to answer confidently. Probably the time has not come for so great a change. I find it easier to guess what will be than to decide what ought to be. My expectation is that once more the election of a president will be the election of an officer to preside in the corporation, to confer degrees at commencement, to be rector and principal teacher in the Academical Department, as if that alone were the institution of which he is the head. Let us hope that, whoever may be elected to that office, there may be in some way such a diminution of its burdens as will enable him to make his presence and personal influence felt in all the departments. Thus, at the end of another administration, it may have become more evident than it now is that the five or six several schools of which a census is given in the annual catalogue are not so many different institutions, accidentally thrown together, but are vitally one—an organism in which "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it," and every member contributes to the welfare of every other and of the whole.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

SQUASHVILLE, CONN, June 1st, 1871.

PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

There are no two things in Nature that ought to work together more harmoniously than capital and labor. In fact, they are as necessary to each other as the brain and muscle in man. Even this figure does not come up to the full truth of their relation to each other. For it implies that capital does all the thinking, and labor only all the rough work. Now this does not do labor justice. For there is no manufacture that does not require labor full of thought, scientific perception, and inventive genius—a sleight of mind, as well as of hand. In fact, there is not a joint stock company in America for manufacturing purposes to which this thought capital—this science, skill, and genius of labor—are not worth as much to it as the money capital subscribed by the stockholders. There are laboring men in most of these establishments who do not own and perhaps cannot buy a single share in them, but who have transferred to them an amount of inventive genius and brain capital worth more to the company than all the money paid in by the largest stockholder.

I think, therefore, that nothing is clearer than the fact that it does not do justice to labor, especially American labor, to say that it is only the muscle, while capital is the brain, of any joint stock company. This muscle thinks, and thinks deep, hard, and long, to make its labor tell more effectively to the profit of capital. It is the thinking power—the science and genius of labor, and not of capital—that has invented nearly all the labor-saving machines that joint stock manufactories use, and without which they never could have been formed or have made any profit on their productions.

I think we ought to allow this mind as well as muscle to labor when we consider its relation to capital, and the terms on which it should work for or with capital. We have considered not only the growing alienation that has sprung up between them, but the organized antagonism which is showing itself in this country and throughout Christendom. So far as an international organization is concerned, nothing in the history of the world ever approached in systematic power the combinations of workingmen to protect their rights, as they call them, against capital. These combinations threaten to upset governments and change the constitution of states. We are told they were at the bottom of this terrible insurrection in Paris, and that the Workingmen's Unions in England, Germany, and Italy sympathized with them. This, then, is the point we have reached. There are nearly a million of workingmen in Europe and America organized into these combinations, which are being confederated and represented in great international congresses, that legislate on the rights of labor, and pass laws that the political legislation of their respective nations cannot annul.

Now, then, is there any possible remedy for this state of things? Is there any measure that would arrest this civil war between labor and capital; that would unite them harmoniously, and make not only their interests, but their feelings, identical? We know that in a few cases in America, and in far more in England, the *co-operative* system has been tried; and it works well. One or two hundred workingmen form a joint stock company, each investing his labor, and perhaps a pound sterling, or five dollars, in money, in it. This system puts them all on a new footing, and animates them with a new spirit of ambition, of ownership, of independent enterprise. In the first place, they have all the capital of mechanical science, genius, and skill which manufacturing capitalists can command. Of course, they have all the muscle labor needed. Then they have a little money capital; and with this money, muscle, and skill they increase their production and working power as a corporation. There are many of these companies in England; and I believe they generally work harmoniously and well.

But I am persuaded this co-operative system can never supply the remedy that is needed. It does not meet the difficulty. It is the *secession* of labor from capital, not a *union* with it. It is labor setting itself up as an independent power, which must increase the antagonism to capital, and make a civil war perpetual between the two great forces upon whose union every country must rely for its material prosperity. We must look for something better than this co-operative system as a remedy for the evil. We must look for it in a different principle. I think we can find that principle working beautifully on a small scale in a system now in practice in connection with one great American enterprise. And, if the principle works well on a small scale, it may work equally well on a large one. "If to equals you add equals the sums will be equals."

Now the whaling business in New England has been a great interest for a hundred years and more. It has required a large amount of capital in money, brain, and muscle. And these three forces have been here brought into such harmonious and equitable copartnership as they never were before in any other country or business enterprise. They were made into a joint stock company as so much consolidated capital, which was divided into shares. The owners and outfitters of the ship had so many shares of the oil to be taken. The captain, mates, boatswain, and harpooners had each his shares, and each of the common sailors his allotment. This system united them in the most hearty copartnership. It put them all in one boat; they all pulled together to the watchword *we* and *our*. They said *we* and *our* over every day's work, and over every hope of success. Never in the wide world did labor and capital work together heart to heart and hand to hand so equitably, kindly, and successfully.

Here, then, is the principle which ought to unite labor and capital in all the great enterprises that require their co-operation. It is the principle not working in miniature, not in a small business, but in one of the greatest corporations in New England; and it has worked well for a hundred years. If the capitalists and sailors of New Bedford can build and fit out and man a great ship, and send it around the world after whale oil, and wait to the end of a two or three years' voyage for the dividends on their joint stock, why cannot the capitalists and laborers in any town in this country, or any other, build and work a factory, or run a coal-mine, on the same principle, and say *we* and *our* as heartily in regard to it, as any boat's crew following a whale say it in regard to their hopes and efforts?

Now, when the New Bedford capitalists and sailors first entered upon the hazardous and expensive business of whaling, they fixed at the outset upon the *principle* of their co-operation. When this was done, it was easy to fill out the detail in which the principle was to be worked. If our landfaring enterprises, or our great joint stock corporations for manufacturing, or coal and iron mining, would fix upon the same principle, the detail of its working, or the division of shares between capital and labor, might be as easily and satisfactorily arranged as it was in connection with the seafaring or whaling coporations of New Bedford. Therefore, the *principle* itself is the remedy. Its application is merely a small matter of detail, which the stockholders of any of our coporations could easily arrange with their workingmen. They would have some reason to regard it as presumption or impertinence in an outsider if he even suggested an arraagement for carrying out such a simple principle, especially with all the details of the New Bedford system before them. For that system anticipates and conciliates every disparity that can exist between the capitalist and the laborer, between the shipowner and the common sailor before the mast. It prescribes the share of oil which each shall have, and with which each is satisfied. There is no possible relation between the money stockholders, or directors of a manufacturing corporation and its most common workingmen which this whaling system does not fully meet. Here are hundreds of hardy sailors who go into this joint stock enterprise without anything, perhaps, but the clothes on their backs. They have to be provisioned for two years, on an average, before they bring back a cargo of oil. Two years elapse before they can get it into market and realize their dividends. Then there are a great many different allotments to be made: the shipowners or capitalists having the shares agreed upon for them; then the captain or active and responsible manager of the sea company has his shares; the first, second, and third mates have each his allotment: the harpooner, carpenter, and blacksmith have each his proportion; then come the common sailors for their dividends. And all are satisfied, and go out together voyage after voyage on this principle of joint stock co-operation.

Here, then, is a system which I believe might be adopted with full satisfaction and success by all the joint stock companies of this country or of any other. This system would put an end to all *strikes*, to all bitter jealousies and antagonisms between capital and labor. It would unite these two great forces of society as harmoniously as if they were worked by one will, for one interest, and in one feeling of fellowship and sympathy. It is worth trying. Who will lead the way? What shall be the banner-town that shall raise this flag first before the world? that shall unfurl from the masthead of a great manufactory these stars and stripes of capital and labor, meaning in harmony, power, and glory all they signify in "The Star-Spangled Banner" of America?

IS PRAYER UNSCIENTIFIC?

BY THOMAS E. HOND, M.D.

Dr. Tyndall, L.L.D., F.R.S., has published a volume of "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People." In it we find an essay on "Prayer and Natural Science," and another on "Miracles and Special Providences." The author treats prayer with civility, as he treats all ignorance and delusion. He evidently considers a stage of faith and an age of prayer as a natural epoch of human development, through which the species must pass from the hairy tree-climbers of the tropical forest to the smoothly-shaven chins of the British Association. It is a necessary superstition of "unscientific people" that they have a Heavenly Father. Dr. Tyndall kindly lectures them upon this degrading faith. His friend Darwin tells them that "one is their father," even an African ape—a fine old quadrumgentleman, "all of the olden time"—whose photograph presents "a hairy quadruped with tail and pointed ear," for the veneration of his descendants. Dr. Tyndall goes back a milliard of ages further, and finds our paternity in the multitudinous elements of a primordial nebulous fog, that once filled a large part of universal space. Through that vast, thin haze were diffused the germs of all things; that is, the matter for making all things, the pattern to make them by, the forces to make them with, and the laws to control the process of evolution. All were there, in the fog and of the fog, waiting to be cooled into rocks and seas and earths; and to be worked, when cool enough, into herbs, and brutes, and men, and the *thoughts of men*. We were all in that nebulous fog. Dr. Tyndall was there. His notions were all in germ there. The notion of prayer was there too; though how that idea of God and communication with him got itself or its rudiments so mixed up with oxygen, carbon, sodium, and all sorts of metallic vapors is inconceivable to "unscientific people." But it seems it was there, and got its molecules cooled down and combined, so as to pass safely through the long epochs of melted matter and parboiled matter, and through the everlasting hatching of protoplasms, and all through the lost history of our patriarchal monkeys, and away down or up to the development of the "unscientific public" aforesaid, in whom this protoplast of prayer, this monad of Providence, finding congenial nidus, developed itself, and became a natural delusion, to which Dr. Tyndall addresses this essay.

This is not very intelligible; but it is *science*, and it is characteristic of "science" to deny all mystery to religion and transfer it to itself. The article on prayer consists of a story about a Swiss priest who came to the Rhine glacier "to bless the mountains." And of the author's criticism thereupon Dr. Tyndall very pertinently says: "The priest was not so presumptuous as to expect a miracle; but he firmly believed that in yonder cloud-land matters could be so arranged, without trespass on the miraculous, that the stream which threatened him and his flock might be caused to shrink within its proper bounds." Now, our author says: "It is an old remark that the law which moulds a tear also rounds a planet. To the application of law in Nature the terms great and small are unknown. Thus the principle referred to teaches that the Italian wind, gliding over the crest of the Simplon, is as firmly ruled as the earth in its orbital revolution around the sun; and that the fall of its vapor into clouds is exactly as much a matter of necessity as the return of the seasons. The dispersion, therefore, of the slightest mist by the special volition of the Eternal would be as much a miracle as the rolling of the Rhone over the Grimsel precipices." So Dr. Tyndall concludes that all prayer for material blessings is idle. We are in the hands of inexorable law that has no eye to pity and no arm to save. The author does not add the inevitable corollary, Wherever there is organic *law* there is no personal God. But there is organic law in moral as well as in physical life. So there is no God for us anywhere, and it is just as idle to pray for grace as for rain.

Having been made what we are by molecular attraction, we must await what we shall be by molecular disintegration. We have traveled our zodiac, from *Libra*, where our dust was weighed, to *Cancer*, where it got claws, to *Pisces*, where it found fins, and then by "natural selection" and crawling and swimming and climbing we ultimately reached the rude form of a monkeyloid *Virgo*. There we *Geminated*. But whether we are to go down again through the beastly and verminous line to dust and fiery cupellation into original nebulous mist, or remain in our human form until other *simiæ* succeed in rubbing off their tails, and smoothing their hides, and getting souls into them—of all this science knows nothing. But it knows that it is all fated and past praying about. But how comes the soul to have made "natural selection" of God? We confess we do not understand it; probably because it is *science*. Nevertheless, how this unscientific longing for the supernatural, and how all the moral conditions of faith or unbelief came to be diffused in our original vaporous elements, and developed through our mineral and brutal transformations, is a matter for science to look after. It was evidently a blunder, or science is blundering. The essay on "Miracles and Special Providences" is a review of Mr. Moxley's Bampton lecture. We think Tyndall gets the better of Moxley, but to show the defects of Mr. Moxley's argument is not to vanquish the truth of miracles, the fact of Providence, or the worth of prayer. One of "the unscientific people" yet ventures to deny Dr. Tyndall's science. It is not presumptuous to do so. For he has stripped his theories of that protection of technical terms, and has made us capable of judging the strength of their limbs and symmetry of their structure, and to decide whether they satisfy the measure of reason. Mr. Moxley was careless in his definitions—an inexcusable blunder in a man of his ability. Tyndall forces him to admit that the difference between special providence and miracle is that the interposition of God in the former is doubtful in the other certain. So special providence, being reduced to common denomination, *miracle*, is swept at once into the waste-box of superstition. But the quality of certainty, or visibility, is not the distinction between miracle and special providence. The ideas of both are obtained from the Scriptures. There are vulgar ideas of both, as there are of material truths; but the true Christian ideas of them are the scriptural ideas. The Bible narrates miracles; the Bible, from one end to the other, teaches "special providence." What does it mean? By "miracle" the Bible does not mean, as Moxley says, "*something impossible to man*." There is no fixed limits to human possibility. A savage, with his bow, can kill a few yards off. A civilized man, with a rifle, can kill at a mile. The power of the latter is "impossible" to the former, and in his inexperience "impossible to man"; yet the feat of the rifle would not be a "miracle," and ought not to have the effect of one. The miracle is a name for wonders narrated in the Bible as having been wrought by God for certain distinct and obvious purposes in the education of man in the knowledge of himself. Some counter wonders, serving as a foil to these manifestations of God, as those of Jannes and Jambres, are by some accounted to be miraculous. We see no necessity for it. But "a miracle" is not a mere *wonder*. It is a *sign*, and of well-known because well-expressed significance. It announces a message from God. It belongs only to the revelation of himself. The impropriety of praying for a miracle, then, lies in the attempt to appropriate for human purposes the special attestations of divinity. The difference between miracle and special providence is this: the one is the sign to man of God's immediate authority and presence, commanding attention to his word; in its very nature it is exceptional and startling, like the blast of God's trumpet: providence is God's normal, constitutional way of aiding, comforting, leading his spiritual children. It could not be "miraculous," because miracle is addressed to wonder and requires singularity; but special providences are ever coming like the dews upon the mown grass. They are *special* not because they are rare, but as each drop of dew is special to the grass-blade it refreshes. They are in the order of God's moral government, and are as unalterably fixed by the right relations of the soul to God as the movement of the rain is fixed by the laws of the universe. It is odd to us "unscientific people" that Dr. Tyndall does not consider that natural laws are not independent forces; that, indeed, there is no automatic motion in them, and that one of the most common motors is intelligent will, and that the power over and use of forces is in proportion to the degree of intelligence and concentration of the will. If Dr. Tyndall should unfortunately fall into a pit, he would not submit quietly to the law of gravity that kept him at the bottom. He would *pray lustily* to

The Independent

MAY 30TH.

BY HORATIO N. POWERS.

Light of thine azure depths, O Sun benign,
Shower thy golden kisses on the May;
Drink, fertile fields, kind Nature's mystic wine,
Till every herb throbs with a pulse divine;
Let not a single dew-drop go astray.
Brood, moistened airs, with warm and fragrant wings
On all the vales, and haste, with glowing feet,
Ye soft-lipped hours, to make the landscape sweet,
Till earth shall burst to flowers—a perfect spring!
O Vernal Season, give your choicest blooms,
Rare radiance woven in celestial looms,
The subtlest meanings of each tint and tone
That Beauty keeps about her peerless throne.
Our hearts ache with unsyllabled applause.
We are unworthy; but for those who lie
In graves made holy by their life-blood shed—
The hero youth, who took our perilled cause,
And thought it sweet and beautiful to die,
That Freedom's fields by us be harvested—
We crave the choicest emblems to impart,
The sense of that which blossoms in the heart.
Even then how meager is our speech to breathe
Our thanks and praise and love and joyous pride.
Seraphic hands are only fit to wreathe
Chaplets for those who kissed our flag and died!

Chicago, May, 1871.

Our Summer Stories.

KATY'S WEDDING GOWN.

BY MISS ROSE TERRY.

WIDOW GOODWIN lived in a red house, with a lean-to roof; but for all that it was a pretty house. Just beyond rose a small wood of white pines, that sung their plaintive sea-toned song to every wandering air, and sent out their aromatic breath, more sweet than sandal, and full of delicious healing, whenever the sunshine poured across those soft green boughs, and gilded the well-strewn, cleanly forest-floor beneath them.

This fragrant barrier kept off or tempered the north wind, and between the house and the street a great graceful elm drooped almost to the ground and swept the roof with its delicate garlands. Nothing kept the southern sunshine from those small but bright-paned windows that lit the "keepin' room," and the two doors that led from it showed behind them such exquisitely neat arrangements, both in the tiny parlor and "mother's" bedroom, that one had to inspect them long to understand how cheap and poor were both material and construction. But Widow Goodwin had one gift that is infrequent with both rich and poor. She had natural and exquisite taste, and from such rude elements as her poverty allowed her skilful fingers brought wonderful results. In summer that little red house was draped to its low chimney with the clinging foliage and waving sprays of the creeper her own hands had transplanted from the woods; about either window crept a ground-nut vine, with leaves fine and classic as some hot-house or tropical climber, and clusters of quaint maroon blossoms, vanilla-scented; over the south door a tall white rosebush scattered its snowy leaves or showed its saffron-tinted buds in every June; and a thousand gay or delicate wild flowers decked the narrow beds of mold on either hand. Even the log cabin of a barn had its own fleeting decorations of such brilliant morning glories that people came from the village to admire them; and the henhouse, a wonderful construction of cedar poles, was shaded and sheltered by a regiment of hollyhocks, whose gorgeous cockades and martial aspect almost excused their ingrain coarseness. Notwithstanding all the labor these decorations implied, Widow Goodwin worked for her living, and worked hard; but she loved flowers so much that they loved her, and almost surprised her by the ease with which they grew under the very little care she could give them, and the dainty neatness of her house was as wonderful, except when one considers that character "exteriorates" itself, so to speak; and the love, order, and taste of her nature expressed itself as necessarily as unconsciously in her belongings. Long years ago, when Widow Goodwin was Katy Darling, the prettiest girl in all Chester, she married Joe Goodwin, an industrious and kind-hearted young carpenter, and came to live in this same red house by the pine trees. New and glaring enough it was then, but to the gay little bride lovely; for it was her first real home since six years old, and she loved her husband with a quiet intensity unknown to these days of divorce. There Katy, their oldest child, was born; and from that same south door six tiny coffins had been carried to the distant graveyard, one after another, and laid in a long dreary row, till, when the last of all her babies was laid in her arms, a living, healthy child, the poor woman almost feared to welcome it, and wondered whether she ought not to check Katy's raptures over the darling little sister. But her husband was away, gone to the enticing West in search of work, hoping that less labor and change of air might be better medicine for his feeble wife than any of the doctor's drugs; and in this his first absence her heart clung with irresistible fervor to the baby he had never seen, and never would see. For, when the little creature was but two months old, after a long time of no letters, and no means of any other news, there came one letter that replaced the unspoken dread with speechless agony. Joe Goodwin was dead—dead, and buried in a strange land.

Then his wife thought she should die, perhaps even hoped so, quite forgetful of her children; but humanity can bear more than it thinks. After a while she rose from her bed, looked at her sleeping baby, and began to see that Katy was growing thin and pale, and that the money in her little leather purse was almost gone. She roused herself at once, by one of those efforts women can make; let the small farm, which was her sole possession, to a kind and honest man, on shares; found Katy a place to work in the satinet mills in the village; and began herself to take washing from the summer boarders who flocked to Chester every year.

Hard work kept her alive in more ways than the mere supply of her daily food. It tried her healthily; it gave her fresh air; and before a year was gone Katy heard her singing over her wash-tub, and, though it was but a clattering hymn-tune of the old-fashioned Methodist type, it sounded sweet enough to Katy, for it meant more than its notes expressed of peace and health. Nothing of poverty or sorrow had, meantime, touched the baby; she was perfectly well and utterly happy, except when she had to be washed. Round as the apples she tossed about, and as rosy, with those soft, unchiseled features that only an infant shows, full of life as any bobolink on the grass in the next lot, babbling over with mad merriment, fuller of mischief than the squirrels that scampered about in the elm boughs above her head, and perfectly good tempered, she was the family idol. Her name, duly given in church and recorded in the family Bible, was Mary Darling; but nobody, either out of the house or in it, ever called her anything but "Little Darling," and that grew to be her only known title.

Katy was her chief slave; for when she was at home it was to rest, and she took that rest in play with Darling, whose mother knew no interval of labor except in her sleep, and even then awoke with unfailing diligence at the slightest stir of the tiny creature on her arm. All this care and love were nothing to baby compared with Katy's frolics, her gay voice, and her bright laughter. The first words Little Darling spoke were "Pitty Taty," and the first steps she took were from her cradle-side into Katy's waiting arms; while the tired mother sat and watched her with a smile that was sadder than sweet, and thought of the strong hands that had been held out for Katy's first tottering venture from her own knee.

It was no wonder that Little Darling qualified Katy's name as soon as she could speak; for Katy was, like her mother before her, the prettiest girl in Chester. Her fine clear skin glowed with a steady color, brilliant as the deepest wild roses; her full lips closed their scarlet curves above perfect teeth, white as bloodroot buds; her dark eyes were both soft and bright, and capable of as many expressions as a field of blossomed grass when the south wind blows across it all the shadows of the cloud-flecces that wander over a summer sky; and her hair!—her hair would have driven a coiffeur of these days crazy with envy. It fell in lustrous masses of purple-black far below her waist, full of great glittering waves, on which the light broke and glanced, real "hyacinthine" tints hid in that dark brightness and dancing across the braided coronet in which it was daily and carefully knotted, for Katy had her mother's nature.

Perhaps Mrs. Goodwin would have regretted Katy's great beauty more if she had not enjoyed it so much; but the keenest delight of her life, next to loving her children, was the sight of anything beautiful, whatever or wherever it might be, and she enjoyed Katy's loveliness as an artist might some wonderful picture or some perfect statue.

Then Katy was always well dressed, in the highest sense of the term. Nothing that was unfit was ever tolerated in that atmosphere. But, if her dress, even on Sunday, never was fashioned of any better material than calico, it was always so carefully selected in tint, so perfectly fitted to her lithe and graceful figure, so finished and so adorned with tiny bands of linen or quaint snowy rufflings, that she seemed to wear the very thing that was most becoming—she did not need the additional ornament of texture.

So Katy lived and bloomed under the pine-trees, and Little Darling grew into rosier sweetness—such growth as only love will feed and foster; and the patient mother worked among her tubs and her line of clothes all the hot summers, and in winter bound shoes by the fire, till four long years had crept away from her husband's death, and Katy was eighteen. In all these years they had not saved much money, but they had not known want. The farm, under Mr. Tucker's management, had given them corn and potatoes for their own use, and sometimes a little surplus to sell, besides a barrel or two of rye flour from the hill lot, where that persistent grain would grow and nothing else! There were eggs and chickens, and a dappled cow that pastured close by, and gave them more milk than they needed; so Sam Tucker came every night for what they could spare—Sam being a sturdy, promising young blacksmith, just now out of his "time," and hired out to his father as a farm-hand, till he could set up a shop of his own. With these aids and comforts to rely on, Katy's wages at the mill, and her mother's work, the little red house prospered and blossomed, as we said. A sort of quiet content had crept into Widow Goodwin's heart; life seemed to stand still for her, or, at least, to creep so quietly that it uttered no ripple; and she had never, even in her own sad self-communings concerning the bitter past and its remorses, been moved by any fear of change or trouble, when, one warm April night, Katy came home from the mills later than usual, flushed like a red lily from throat to brow; her dark eyes strangely shy, tender, and downcast; and, instead of taking her usual orderly way to her little chamber in the loft, there to fold and put away shawl and bonnet, flung herself on the door-sill, glanced in at Little Darling, who lay asleep beside her cradle on a folded quilt, all tired of play; and then threw her white sunbonnet with a dexterous twirl into a basket of dry clothes her mother was taking from the line, and laughed out suddenly. Her mother looked round with mild surprise. What in the world had come to Katy? Katy caught the look, burst into tears as suddenly as she had laughed, hid her face on her knees, and ejaculated softly, "Oh, mother!" The widow stared. Perhaps she had forgotten the time when she was eighteen—it was more than twenty years ago; but she set the basket just inside the door, and stooped down to Katy on the sill.

"What is it, dear? Katy! tell mother what's the matter?"

Tender questions, but stifled by a great hug from two strong, white arms and a sort of sobbing laugh on her bosom.

"Oh, mother! I know it's just as silly! Oh, dear!"

"Sit up, Katy, dear. Try not to cry, and say it out straight. Mother loves her girl."

Another half-strangled laugh.

"Oh, dear, so does Sam!—there, I've been and said it!"

She certainly had. A curious shiver of astonishment and dismay crept over Widow Goodwin's nerves.

"Why, Katy Goodwin! what be you a talkin' about? Sam? Sam who?"

"Why, Sam Tucker. There ain't any other Sam."

The ghost of a dry smile puckered the elder woman's mouth out of its prim sadness. Neither time nor grief had quite killed out her native fun.

"No, only Sam Hadley, and Samwell Squires, and Sammy Peters, and Miss Leffingwell's Sam, and —"

"Land's sake, Mother, why don't you say Sam Pitcher and done with it. Ain't the parson's name Samwell?"

Katy had evidently recovered poise enough to speak for herself; so her mother went on:

"Well, what about Sam Tucker, Katy?"

Mademoiselle had by this time recovered her ill-treated sunbonnet, and was twisting the strings into some curious knots. She did not look up, her work was probably too absorbing."

"Why, you see, Mother—well, Sam says he wants—he—dear me—he wants to m—marry me. And I suppose he does!"

The Widow drew a long breath. Here was a possibility she had not once considered, woman as she was. She felt almost exasperated at her own carelessness; quite enraged and alarmed at the idea of any man wanting to carry off her Katy. She was not a modern woman; no "advantages" held up their torches to illuminate the match. Neither was she a perfect woman; both grief and poverty had made her very love a little selfish—most mortal love is. "Katy! Katy! what shall I do without you!" were the first words that rose to her lips, and almost unconsciously parted them.

"Oh, Mammy, dear! you won't have to. Sam says he'll come to live here and help you; and he'll have a shop right down at the corner by the watertrough, 'nd he'll get the sleepers by next week, 'nd set to work at it, and he won't let you work near so hard! Why, I *wouldn't* go away!"

If the Widow had been a man, she would have whistled on the spot; whistling affords a relief of expression to men that women greatly miss. As it was, she opened her eyes round as a young robin's and stared speechless at Katy. Nothing seemed new or strange to the bright, earnest gaze that met hers. What did it all mean? The revelation that her child—her little girl—as she had always thought her, was a grown woman, ready for her place in life and asked to take it, was enough for her to take in at once, perhaps too much; but here was matter still more astounding. The two were so far agreed, had so mutually understood each other, that their very plan of life together was already arranged. This thunder-clap, so new, so sharp to the motherly apprehension, was as old to them as one of the "decrees" they had heard about in the Catechism. Widow Godwin did not know what to make of it. She had risen from the door-sill in her surprise; but now she sat down again, and wiped her face on her checked apron.

"Seems to me you've got it all about fixed, ha'n't you? I didn't know as you'd said Amen, Katy; but, really, I don't know but what it came before, firstly, you seem to ha' got along so dreadful speedy."

"Why, Mother!"

Katy's grieved wonder was too much for the Widow. Her little feminine ebullition of spite passed away like the flame of a brush-heap.

"Well, well, dear, its all right. You see it took me so sudden-like I was altogether in a buzz, as old Isr'el says. I'm glad, after all, it *is* Sam Tucker. He's a likely feller, and he'll be good to ye, I guess."

Katy was not entirely restored to her first joyful trust. Her mother had brushed the dew off. She sighed a little, and rose to go up-stairs; but on the lower step she lingered and looked back.

"Mother, he's comin' round to-night. You—you won't—?"

"No; I won't eat him up, Katy."

That little laugh restored the equilibrium; and when Sam came he was received with all the honors. And even Little Darling added her welcome with the grace of an infant princess. So things went on fluently. It was settled that the wedding should come off at Thanksgiving, by which time Sam hoped to have his shop built, his anvil set, and his hammer and bellows busy. But Katy seemed destined to astonish her mother, and always on the door-sill. Another night, when she rested there, just home from the mills, holding her dimpled chin in the hollow of both hands, she began, abruptly:

"Mammy, dear, what can I wear to be married in?"

"Well, Katy," answered her mother, rinsing the soap off her arms with either hand, "I don't know. We can't get a great deal, you know. I've been layin' away some good cotton things for ye, for quite a spell. They was mine when I was married, 'nd they was thought proper nice in them days; so I didn't wear 'em, but got unbleached. They a'n't no great now, cotton's more plenty; but they're good, 'nd they're all buttonholed off round the necks 'nd places, and done real nice. And I'll bleach 'em all up as white as milk. But as for frocks, I do calkerlate to get ye a brown merino."

"Oh, Mother! I want a white dress to be married in."

"Why, Katy Good'in! I should think you was agoin' to be the President's wife. A white gown! the land's sake! Why, I never heerd on't when I was married. I had a blue bombazet, 'nd that seemed rather ventersome. But white! You 'xpect it'll be silk?"

"Mother, you jest know I don't! But I do want it white—cambric, or somethin' or other."

"I don't know how on airth you're goin' to git it, Katy. I shan't never give in to spendin' all that money I've laid up to buy ye a fol-de-rol like that. I hain't got much to give ye; but what I hev got I'll put into good stuff, that'll wear and wash to the last rag on't."

"But, Mother!" persisted Katy, "I don't want you to buy it; 'nd if I get any more money than we want at the mill this summer, why I do expect to get me a new calico and two aprons. But you know what Evvy Curtis said when she was up here from Deerbrook last year, and see all them wintergreens I had, and them robin-blows, too (she called em trailin' arbutus, I guess). She said they'd be as good as money to her if she had 'em bunched up an' down in Deerbrook. City folks set a sight by them things, she says. Now I've been plannin' quite a spell, and I guess, if I get up mornin's, and go over by the brook, I can get a lot. And Jack Curtis, he goes brakeman on the train to Deerbrook just before mill-bell rings; I do believe he'll sell 'em for me. May'n't I try, Mammy?"

"Why, yes, child! Maybe you'll get enough to buy ye jest a few pins 'nd needles; but tryin never kills."

Katy was too eager to care for any small discouragement. Next day by light she was off to the brook, through soft-budded woods, and furry brakes, just showing their hooded heads above ground, to gather those round, red, shining berries, and the deep green leaves under which they clustered. It was part of Katy's plan that Sam should know nothing of her extra work or its object, and she bound Jack Curtis to secresy; but many and amusing were the conjectures Sam hazarded as to the use and intent of the curious little birch-bark boxes and baskets she was always fashioning of an evening and stitching together with scarlet yarn. It never fell to his lot even to approach the truth, much less to behold them heaped with the clean and fragrant berries, covered with their own spicy leaves, that Deerbrook people bought so eagerly. And, when May came, and with delicate fingers coaxed the shy arbutus into breath and bloom, it was perfect delight to Katy to hunt for those pure pallid buds on the hill-slopes, and draw them carefully from their nests in withered grass and dried leaves. Here her native taste came into full play. Nobody, at least, in Deerbrook, had ever seen such graceful bouquets—sometimes crested with a spire of the upright ground-pine, like a fairy chandelier; sometimes all of whitest clusters, like curiously wrought alabaster, mixed with a few brilliant berries; and sometimes the deepest pink, like nothing else but the peculiar roseate tints of dawn, wreathed in their own quaint foliage of russet green.

Garlands, crosses, stars, all wrought on grounds of silver-fir twigs, that lent their own balsamic odor to the baby breath of the arbutus—all these through the short season sold as fast as they were sent; and when Jack Curtis settled his accounts with Katy she laid away in her old bureau eight silver dollars—for this was long ago, when specie was not a curiosity and bank-bills held no sure reputation among country people.

How Katy danced and dimpled over that delightful hoard! How she dreamed over her mill-work about the way to make her dress, and what adornments she could afford to put on it; but, with real Yankee prudence, it was not at once bought.

"I guess I'll wait a while before I buy it, Mother," she said, turning over the old red purse in her hands. "I don't want to make it yet, 'nd by-an'-by summer goods 'll be a mite cheaper—they'll want to sell out of the way; 'nd, besides, somethin' might happen to 't if I had it, and then what *should* I do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said her mother, sympathetically, yet thinking in her heart that Katy's lovely, earnest face would be enough to glorify even the despised brown merino.

That summer came on, not in its usual bright and fragrant presence, but rainy and chill, brooks overflowed and rills swelled to torrents, meadows were soaked into swamps, and when the sun broke out all the country steamed with mists, and the air lost its purity and was close as the atmosphere of a laundry. Katy and her mother bore the atmospheric changes well enough; but there was much illness all about them, and one night the disturber entered their own little home. Katy was called at midnight from her sleep to hold Little Darling in her arms, flushed with fever and sobbing with pain, while her mother brewed some herb tea, and wrapped her swollen throat in bags of steamed hemlock twigs. All to no purpose; the child grew worse and worse, and when the doctor came, called at daylight by Katy, he pronounced it the worst kind of malignant sore-throat—what in these days we should call diphtheria. Why should I describe what followed? Who that has watched a tiny creature day and night in the grasp of a disease so deadly, and felt the torture of its long agony, would care to recall those tortures? Not I. It is enough to say that, after three weeks of such experience, Dr. Slocum gave hope of Little Darling's life, and by the time September set in, gayer and more golden in its autumn splendors than all the summer before, the baby was fairly on the way to health, but too weak to step, almost to turn herself on her bed.

"Keep her out-doors, ma'am; keep her in the air, fresh air!" bustled the fat doctor. "Plenty of hydrogen! plenty of hydrogen!" Mrs. Goodwin stared. If the doctor knew no better, she, of course, knew far less. "Nothing like that for the lungs and things—ah! Exercise, ma'am. Drive with her, every day; half the day. Never at night, ma'am; night-air is damp in these times—consider'ble hilarious." (*Could* he have meant malarious?)

"But I hain't got a horse, Doctor."

"Well, well, never mind, ma'am. Perambulate with her, ah!—that is a little kerridge—baby kerridge 'll do entirely as well. You've got a cow? Ah! Give her milk—new milk, cream, butter, beefsteak, eggs; let her eat and exercise—ah! Yes, ma'am; but she must have air, sun, exercise, and then she'll eat—eat like a grasshopper. Oh, yes. Good-day, good-day!" And away rattled the muddy little sulky.

"Eat like a grasshopper! I guess she will!" said the Widow, turning her worn and pallid face to Katy, who stood leaning in the doorway, pale too, but perhaps lovelier than ever, with the Madonna look on her softened face, fairer than all its thoughtless brilliance had been before. "She won't eat no more'n a grasshopper, I guess, if 't depends on her jiggin' round in a baby-waggin."

"Can't we get one anywhere, Mother?"

"Get 'em? Oh, yes, we can get 'em; there's enough on 'em in the world," replied the Widow, bitterly. "But the worst on't is, they've got to be paid for; 'nd I've got jest enough left to keep along over next washin' day. I've paid the doctor, 'nd I've got what was needful for baby; but, Katy, I've took what little I'd tucked away for your settin' out, 'nd you'll have to go as Sam found ye, 'nd wait for fixin' quite a spell."

"Oh, Mother! jest as if Sam or I cared a straw. There a'n't anything worth carin' for now we're got her back. When I really thought she was a goin', I don't know as I even remembered about Sam; it did seem somehow as though the earth was slippin' away under my feet. Dearest little coul! if she a'n't a calliu' Taty, jest like a young robin."

The extempore conference broke up at once, and till Little Darling slept, and Katy crept to her own bed, she thought no more about the doctor's advice, or how it could be followed. But after her first deep sleep had passed by, the anxiety which that slumber of youth for a while had baffled awoke again in her brain and roused her. She turned again and again on her pillow, wondering and wishing, till suddenly, as if something struck her, she sat up, and, putting the dark tangles of hair from her forehead, said aloud:

"Katy Goodwin, you are a fool!" This alone was audible to the mice, who alone were her audience, and mightily puzzled they must have been, if they had ears to hear; but silently the soliloquy continued: "To think *that* never entered my head. Oh, dear! my pretty, *pretty* white dress! And I thought Sam would say"—a flush of hot blood mounted even to the dark waves of hair—"Katy Goodwin, you a'n't fit to live, thinkin' of your looks 'nd Sam's thoughts; jest as if he would look at you at all if you didn't! Do it? Of course, I'll do it, first thing in the morning, 'nd I won't tell Mammy till it's done. Oh, dear!" Down went Katy's head on the pillow. Forgive her, reader. Above all, forgive her if you are a woman, for, in her small horizon of duties and pleasures, to sacrifice her feminine vanity, in its most natural and innocent shape, was no small sacrifice; and perhaps far costlier offerings have breathed less sweet incense to the spirit of all love than that which Katy had it in her heart to offer. So I say, forgive her, if some hot tears wet the pillow and glittered on her eyelashes long after she slept.

Katy went earlier than usual to the mill next day; so early that old Uncle Parker was just taking down the shutters of the village store as she tripped up the steps, full of the plans she had settled in her own mind during that night vigil.

"Why, Katy Good'in! 'Tain't you, is it? You're betimes this mornin', 'pears to me. How's your folks?"

"Pretty well, Mr. Parker. Baby, she's some better."

"Well, well, she's a clever little cretur. I'm dredful glad she's come through. What is't this mornin', Katy?"

"Why, you see, Uncle Parker, the doctor, he says Darling must most live out-doors; 'nd she can't walk a bit, and mother can't carry her, 'nd I'm to work to the mill all day, so I don't have no great time. But if she had a little wagon or somethin', why I could give her a ride before mill-time, and mother she could draw her round, 'nd she could get all the exercise, and —"

"They're dreadful costly things, them little wagons be, Katy."

"I know it," and the eager face clouded a moment; "but don't you s'pose I might get one from somebody that had got through with it? Don't you know of nobody? Maybe I could get one cheaper."

Uncle Parker shoved his spectacles up into his grizzled hair, and gave a long sniff, as if to call his brain to order. Then he put both hands in his pockets, tilted his tall hat, and leaned back on the calico shelves for meditation. Katy could not wait.

"Didn't Miss Mills leave hers to your house after Clary died, two years ago?"

"She did, I declare for't! Come to think on't, she did. She said she didn't never want to see it no more after Clary wa'n't in it; 'nd Mother she set it by up garret, 'nd I ha'n't thought on't sence!"

"Do you suppose she'd sell it?" said Katy, shyly.

Mr. Parker leaned over confidentially on the counter.

"Now, I'll tell ye the rights on't. Mother, she sot dredfully by that child, and she said, when Clary died, 'nd Mary Ann left that are little wagon bchind, that she wouldn't never give it away to nobody; but, if there come a good chance to sell it, she'd sell it, 'nd send the money to that are little crittur out in somewhere or 'nother—Japan, or Burmah, or Portigale, or somewheres—that our women folks to the church is edicatin'; 'cause ye see they named the heathen young un after Mary Ann, 'nd Mr. Mills he'd gin a hundred dollars a'ready for it, cos it *was* named Mary Ann. So I guess she'd sell it to ye. Ef 'twas mine, or ef Clary 'd been my grand-darter, instead of Miss Parker's, I'd ha' gin it to ye, Katy, quicker 'n not; but ye see things is as they is, 'nd Miss Parker's a sight more forehanded 'nd piouser'n I be, and then heathen takes a lot to raise, I expect—aymit 's real bad, 'nd they all hev poor health out there, 'nd so—"

"Well, would you ask her?" faltered Katy.

Oh, law yes. I'll see to it this very noon-time; 'nd you happen in afore ye go home, 'nd I'll have yes or no by that time."

Certainly Katy's heart fluttered more than such a simple matter warranted, as she climbed those wooden steps after mill-bell had rung at night; but Uncle Parker wore a smiling face.

"Yes, Katy; she said she'd sell it, 'nd kinder glad to get a chance. Fact is, I guess it pestered her some to keep a seein' it up garret. She sot a sight by Clary."

"How much will it be, Mr. Parker?" Katy's heart was in her mouth.

"Well, I don' know. It cost fifteen dollar. But Mary Ann had it quite a spell—all them three children of hern was drawed in it; so it's some damaged. I guess I could smart it up so't would be with ten dollars."

Katy's face fell.

"Oh, Mr. Parker! I haven't got but eight in the world!"

"Dew tell! 'nd I 'spose ye got them, as Scripter says, by the sweat of your brow. 'Tan't been hot much, though, this year. Well, mebbe Miss Parker 'll let ye have it for that, jest as 'tis, considerin. Come round agit to-morrer night, 'nd fetch yer money; I guess we'll make it right."

"Oh, thank you!" said Katy, with such a smile that even Uncle Parker's sallow face reflected a little radiance, as he muttered confidentially to the barrels and boxes: "She's a real likely gal!"

Now Uncle Parker's wife was a good old lady, by 10 means so capable of a bargain as he was, or as he represented her to be; but, like many another man, from Adam down, he liked to have a woman at hand to bear his sins. Mrs. Parker had loved her little grandchild dearly, and was quite willing to let Katy have this relic for her eight dollars. Had she known the history of those silver pieces, I doubt if even the consideration of that Indian namesake would have induced her to take them; but Katy was the last person to whisper her secret even to her own mother. The old lady, however, would not send the wagon off, whatever its price, without some little token of her goodwill toward Katy and Katy's pet. She got the small vehicle down from the garret, and when Uncle Parker came home at noon it stood in the kitchen, dusted and washed, but not a little shabby.

"Say, husband, I want ye to fetch the blackin' brush 'nd kinder smart up this top, it's growed rusty or somethin' up-stairs; and don't ye suppose there's a remnant o' the meetin' house carpet somewheres, 't we could tack down onto that floor, so's 'twould be warm for the little cretur's feet?"

Uncle Parker might have demurred had the bit of carpet been from his own parlor; but he knew very well that those corners which no economy in cutting could save from the aisle about the pulpit had been handed over to him by the deacons "for the use of the poor." What on earth the poor could do with them puzzled him; but, being selectman of the town, he took them, and they had lain in the empty loft ever since. Now one was fitted to the wagon-floor, turned in and nailed under, and its scarlet tints set off the fresh blacked top, till the old man declared he "didn't know but what it looked better'n new." And his wife produced, with a smile of delight on her sweet unwrinkled face, the result of her morning's work, a little cushion for the seat, soft as any pillow, for she had taken the best of her long-treasured feathers to stuff it, and covered it with a bit of red flannel, so ingeniously patched that nobody could have recognized therein the sleeve of an old shirt. So Uncle Parker trundled it off to the store, not without a tear dimming the grandmother's glasses as she looked after him. But as soon as the mill-bell rang the five Katy sprung up to the shop-door, and dimpled and glowed like the mill-pond itself at sunset, when she saw the clean and bright little chariot waiting for her. There was not even the ring of a tear in her voice as she thanked Uncle Parker and counted out to him her precious dollars; and, if she knew that many a time since her resolution had been made her soul had secretly sighed at the departing vision of that dress, so long wished for and so hardly earned, she knew now that she had done the right and, moreover, the happiest thing; and the little wagon was almost as dear to have beside her on the way home as Sam himself. Katy was a little shy about her treasure, going home "cross lots." She contrived to hide it away behind the barn, covered safely with her old shawl, and to enter the house with her usual quiet pace. But next day was Sunday, such a day as only a New England autumn knows—the air one golden trance, brooding without a sound (save now and then the fairy whisper of a falling leaf) over the massed rainbows of hillside and valley, while the green and solemn pines breathed their life-giving odors through and around all. Katy put away the breakfast things with still celerity, tied on her sun-bonnet, and began to wrap Little Darling in her coat and hood.

"Where is oo doe-in', Katy?"

"Sure enough!" chorused the Widow. "What *be* you up to, Katy? I'm a goin' to take her out pretty quick. You want to go to mectin'."

"Well, I'm goin' pretty soon. Let me have her just a bit, Mother?"

Nobody could resist Katy with that face, and pretty soon her mother heard her calling from outside in her gayest tones:

"Mammy! Mammy! Come out here just a minute! Please, dear!"

Out went the Widow, with her apron over her head; and there in the sunshine stood Katy, her bonnet off, her hair all tumbled and shining, her lips and eyes sparkling; and behind her, in the clean and easy little carriage, gay with bright maple boughs, and a long vine-streamer in her hand for a whip, sat Little Darling, crowing and rosy with delight.

"Why, Katy Good'in! This does beat all! Whose kerridge have you ben an' borrowed?"

"Nobody's," was the triumphant answer.

"'Ts mine! 'ts mine! Taty said so," shouted baby, brandishing her whip.

Widow Good'in's prudence took the alarm.

"You ha'n't run in debt for't, Katy?"

"Mother!—as if I would!"

"Well, well, child, where *did* you get it, for mercy's sakes?"

"I bought it, 'nd Uncle Parker sold it to me cheap; 't used to be little Clary Mills-es."

"You ha'n't spent that money?"

"W—e—ll," said Katy, half shyly, "'twas mine, wa'n't it, mother?"

"Mother" choked under cover of her apron-corner, she hadn't a word to say. The look she gave Katy out of those misty gray eyes was bright with something besides pleasure; and, if her apron-corner was of any further use, nobody knew it, for she turned abruptly into the house, and said not another word. From that day Little Darling began to mend; her waxen face rounded and bloomed, the pitiful little hands dimpled again, and the various articles of food Dr. Slocum recommended disappeared daily, with symptoms of marked approbation. Even the tottering feet, that scarce could bear her from chair to chair, grew steadier and stronger, and Katy thought not again of her lost wedding-gown. But even in this world, though all modern writers declare it to be a feebleminded encouragement to selfishness, the good boy sometimes does get the gooseberry tart; and some feeble-minded people, I for one, do like to see him enjoy it. Mrs. Goodwin, in a paroxysm of motherly pride that demanded some sympathy, told Sam about Katy's toil, and her sacrifice, one night, when Katy herself was out of the way putting baby to sleep in her own bed, and, tired out, was taking an involuntary nap beside her. Sam received the narrative with suspicious "hems," and quaint rufflings of his eyebrows; but betook himself next day straight to Uncle Parker's store.

"Say, Uncle Si, you ha'n't got no white stuff, hev ye?"

"Land, yes; lots! There's two boxes o' salt, 'nd a hogshead plaster-paris, 'nd some sal'ratis, 'nd a leetle shoogar."

"Oh, Jehoshaphat! them a'n't what I want. Its kinder cotton stuff."

"Well, there's battin, 'nd waddin', 'nd sheetin', 'nd shirtin', 'nd—"

"Consarn it all, *them* won't do. I want suthin 'nother 't folks wear."

"Oh, drillin', jean, duck. For pants, a'n't it, or coats?"

"Don't pester me no more, now, Uncle Si. I want it for—for—well—for a gownd!"

Sam turned redder than the calico that faced him from the shelves; but, nobody being there to help, Uncle Silas mercifully contented himself with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, ho! Suthin' real thin ye want? Here's mull, 'nd Swiss, 'nd bishop's lawn, 'nd lace."

"No. I don't want it dreadful thin, nor dreadful thick."

"Cambric, I guess. There's a first-rate piece, real soft 'nd fine, round threaded, too. Hev some o' that?"

"Yes, I guess so, ef that's what folks wear for gownds; 'nd give me plenty on't. And, don't women folks put somethin' or 'nuther on to them sort o' gowns, kinder to set em off?"

"Mercy to me! I guess they do—edgin', 'nd rufflin', 'nd what not. There's a box o' cambric edgin'. Pick it out yourself; guess you know what ye want better 'n I do."

If Sam didn't know, some instinct of Katy's tastes helped him to pick out a delicate border of embroidery for the equally delicate fabric he had bought. And he paid for the bundle and tucked it under his arm with a thrill of satisfaction almost as great as Katy's when she trundled off her baby-wagon.

I regret to say the next thing Sam did was to steal! If stealing is ever justifiable, perhaps his was so. But one moonlight night an old calico gown of Katy's disappeared from the clothes-line, greatly to Widow Goodwin's discomfiture.

"I don't vally the gown so much, though 'twas to say one, ef it was real old; but I sha'n't feel safe no more to leave things out nights."

However, Sam found the missing garment, two days after, behind a quince-bush, he said; and Katy and her mother both wondered, and blamed themselves mightily for overlooking it—more, perhaps, than was needful had they known that it lay safely all through that interval in the little lame dressmaker's room in Chester Village.

But Sam, being a man, kept his own secrets; and the dressmaker got his purchase made up in due time, daintily trimmed, and carefully washed and ironed. In the meantime, Katy had mended and washed an old calico frock, white and red-spotted, which Sam had once said she looked pretty in, and had basted in its neck a bit of well-worn lace, long hoarded by her mother. She was only waiting for the day before her wedding to gather some alderberries from the swamp and string them for a necklace, and all her heart was content and peaceful as she looked at Little Darling, now running on sturdy legs into all sorts of mischief, rosier and happier than ever.

So the time came, the very evening before Thanksgiving. Pies, that staple of feasts or fasts in New England—spicy pies, with crisp covers, and golden pies, with no covers at all—stood in goodly rows in the buttery, bowls of cranberry sauce, a milk-pan heaped with brown nutcakes, loaves of frosted cake, piles of biscuit, and a plump turkey, stuffed and tied into a posture of proper resignation, all told their own story of to-morrow. Sam had "lots of friends," as he himself allowed; and, if their wedding gifts to Katy had taken the shape that was most "handy" to them, it was no less a testimony to Sam's popularity that, instead of silver and china and trinkets, the cellar was crowded with potatoes, apples, turnips, a barrel of pork and another of beef, besides four plump chickens hanging this moment from the shed roof, all ready to be cooked. Nor could any gifts have been more acceptable. The Widow was both pleased and proud. Darling was in bed, and Katy sat stringing her bright beads, singing softly to herself, and wondering why Sam did not come, when there was a loud knock at the shed-door. Mrs. Goodwin was nearest, and Katy's lap was full of berries; so the Widow went, and returned in a minute, bringing a big white paper box, directed to Katy. It took a long time, or so it seemed to Katy, before that string could be untied and the paper unwrapped; but at last there lay before her eyes the prettiest, purest white cambric gown that even she could have dreamed of, bordered at neck and wrists with delicate edges; and from its white folds, as she lifted it, fell out a broad and shining ribbon of softest satin, glittering like a strip of moonlight on the pond. For an instant Katy stood still as any stone, holding the desire of her eyes in one hand. Suddenly a faint and struggling sneeze from the shed betrayed a hidden witness.

"Sam Tucker!"

Katy dropped the gown, and something immediately choked Sam much worse than the sneeze had, but it was not on record that he objected; and his mother to be, with a very funny smile, picked up the dress and went off to hang it up.

So the next day, just about sunset of a real Indian-summer day, Katy stood by Sam's side close to the parlor window, and in front of them stood the old minister. His words were very few and very solemn. The color flitted but faintly on Katy's fair cheek. And her mother's eyes were full. Even Little Darling kept grave silence. But when the wedding was over, and Parson Pitcher gone, Sam turned for one long look at Katy. All the sunset glory streamed full upon her through the open window. The fair white folds of her dress fell about her shapely figure like waves of light; and in the glittering coronal of blue-black hair a string of scarlet berries flashed more brightly than coral. But who looked at Katy's garments when they beheld her face—the smooth skin flushed with living roses, the scarlet lips closed with a half smile of perfect repose and rapture, the great loving eyes that shone fair and full for once into her husband's?

Little Darling had run to her for a kiss; but in that sudden glory the child stayed her footsteps. "Pretty Taty!" said she, half under her breath.

"Pretty Taty!" echoed Sam, with emphasis, putting both arms round his wife.

FRANCE struck at Germany on the Rhine; the Germans in France penetrated to the core.

SELF-SURRENDER.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

LORD, one deep trouble of my soul,
From which I pray to be set free,
Is that I cannot self control
And give up all the world for thee.

My weak, corrupt, deceptive heart,
Whenever early lusts I flee,
Like Ananias, yields a part,
But will not give up all for thee.

Sapphira like, false thoughts arise
When, penitent, I bend the knee,
To hold the world before mine eyes
And say I gave it all for thee.

Well do I know how small the worth
Of all the gains that here may be;
But still my fond heart clings to earth,
And will not give up all for thee.

Lord, make me victor in the strife!
Thou who hast given so much for me,
Teach me this parable of life,
That I have *naught* to give for thee!

Music.

MOZART'S "Marriage of Figaro" was sung recently at Covent Garden, with a cast that looks very strong on paper, but proved far from good in the performance. The *Cherubino* of Madame Lucca and the *Figaro* of M. Faure are said to have been excellent; but neither Mdlle. Sessi as *Susanna*, nor Mme. Miolan-Carvalho as the *Countess* satisfied the critics, while the *Almaviva* of Sig. Graziani is said to have been coarse and vulgar. A soprano, new to London, but well known in Paris—namely, Mdlle. Marimon—has proved one of the principal attractions of the season at Dr

ing which has enabled him to occupy the highest places his order (St. Dominic), are too well known in Mexico." What with such a man in Mexico, Dr. Dollinger in Germany, Père Hyacinthe in France, and the profession of the University in Rome itself sending their letter of sympathy and encouragement to Dr Dollinger, uneasy lies the Papal Head, how ever infallible."

....Previous notice has been taken of the call issued by a few native pastors and others of various denominations for a meeting o native Christians in Western India to form a Christian Alliance. About 150 have met and organized the Alliance; recognized their essential unity; held a four-days' meeting, of two protracted sessions each day; discussed some of the greater questions underlying the Christianization of India; "resolved" to *establish a weekly organ to be styled by the Alliance*, subscribing on the spot $225 to begin with, and fixing on a point 200 miles south of Bombay as the first field of operations; and, after a variety of services and much intercourse, which drew their hearts together and other hearts to them, went home to work with new zeal at their several homes and stations. The Alliance is to have quarterly local meetings and one general annual meeting. Very interesting expressions of gratitude to Christians and societies in Great Britain and America were embodied in fitting resolutions and speeches. "At some of the meetings," says Mr. Harding, "as reported in the *Herald*, there were evidences of deeper feeling than I have ever seen in Bombay. There were longings after Christ, and a sense of unworthiness indicating a genuine Christian experience. It was gratifying also to see evidences of intellectual awakening, resulting from Christianity in the heart. Also the harmony between the will and the conscience; the deep moral convictions and the determination to act according to them. There is so little of this among the heathen that it becomes more conspicuous as the fruit of Christianity."

....The alarm for our missions in China, growing out of the recent proclamation forbidding everything contrary to Confucius, forbidding the presence of female missionaries, etc., has been gradually subsiding under subsequent information from those at work there. They seem to apprehend no serious interruption. We get word, too, from Hon. Mr. Low, American minister, of his confidence that the government can be held firmly to all treaty stipulations. But we must do as we would be done by. If Chinamen are refused redress in the courts of California, and stoned to death in the streets of San Francisco, without restraint or apology by our Government, we must expect similar handling for Americans, whether traders or missionaries, in China.

....As will be remembered, Japan was first opened to Christian missions and foreign trade by Commodore Perry's expedition. Another of similar kind is soon to leave China for Corea, commanded by Admiral Rogers, of the U. S. Navy. Corea alone along that coast remains closed to foreign commerce. A letter has been sent to the Japan through the Chinese authorities, announcing the projected expedition and its thoroughly pacific character. Of that nation our churches must soon make a new mission field. If governments and navies open the way, can they safely delay to enter?

....Staring from a circular issued by the ladies of the Baptist church, Newton Center, Mass., a meeting has been held in Boston, at which the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society, to act in conjunction with the Baptist Missionary Union, was duly organized. So, one after another, every denomination adopts this plan. The last will soon be in line.

....The "Sabbath question" is a serious one to converts—*i. e.*, in China. To leave work that day in many cases causes dismissal from employment, and the loss, to human view, of all chance for even a livelihood. Inveterate habits and habits in China are not addicted to the Sabbath, as here. This question, Mr. Blodget writes, is one of great difficulty.

....The work among the Ojibways, where are 4 missionaries and 8 churches, with several teachers and helpers, reports the addition of 98 new converts to the churches during the past year.

Ministerial Register.

SETTLEMENTS.

Bell, J. R., United Presb., inst., May 23d, in Elvarton and Fountain Grove, Ill.
Byington, Swift, Cong., inst., June 2d, in Exeter, N. H.
De Forest, J. Hyde, Cong., of Yale Seminary, ord., May 24th, at Mount Carmel, Conn.
Kimball, Charles C., Presb., inst., May 11th, in Central church, Erie, Pa.
McWhinnie, James, Bapt., ord., May 28th, at Jamesburgh, N. Y.
Peters, George M., Bapt., ord., May 19th, at Penn Yan, N. Y.
Searle, J., Reformed (Dutch), inst., May 25th, at Peekskill, N. Y.
Simmons, Charles E., Bapt., of Hartford Cong. Seminary, ord., May 31st, in Southwick, Mass.

CALLS.

Andrews, R. D., Bapt., of Burnt Hills, N. Y., to Corinth, N. Y.
Bates, E. L., Freewill Bapt., of West Camden, N. Y., to Fabius, N. Y.
Barry, J. R., Bapt., to Huntington-street church, New London, Conn.
Butler, J. Wesworth, Bapt., Presb., late secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, to First church, Brooklyn, E. D.
Caswell, Robert C., Epis., to Emanuel church, Allegheny, Pa.
Chesshire, J. E., Bapt., of Philadelphia, to Newport, Ky.
Clifford, Asa, Presb., of Hyde Park, Pa., to Greenport, L. I.
Conover, J. G., Bapt., to Duker's Point, Pa.
Craglin, C. C., Cong., of Owatonna, Minn., to Crosco, Ia.
Davis, William E., Reformed (Dutch), to Hopewell, Dutchess co., L. I.
Derby, J. M., Bapt., of South Alabama, to Red Creek, N. Y.
Evans, T. K., Reformed (German), of Williamsport, Pa., to Pottstown, Pa.
Fitts, James H., Cong., of Andover, to Topsfield, Mass.
Gilbert, James B., Cong., of Toledo, O., to Buckingham, Ia.
Hathaway, George W., Cong., of Skowhegan, Me., to Freetown, Mass.
Hood, E. C., Cong., of Andover Seminary, to East Cahir, Me.
Marsh, Daniel, Cong., to Bloomingdale, N.J.
Marshall, Mr., Cong., to West Auburn, Me.
Marshall, Thomas, Cong., of St. Louis, to Pearl street church, Alpha, N. H.
Maynard, N., Epis., of Staten Island, to St. Paul's church, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.
Morgan, Thomas J., Bapt., of New Brunswick, N. J., to Jerseyville, Ill.
Newell, W. W., Jr., Presb., of Monroe, Mich., to Forty-second-street church, New York.
Phelps, George W., Epis., to Suffolk, Va.
Perry, Henry G., Epis., to Wilmington, Ill.
Phillips, J. L., Bapt., of Kenton, O., to Bellefontaine, O.
Phillips, W. C., Bapt., of East Greene, N. Y., to Etna, N. Y.
Rawson, Alanson, Cong., of Thompson, Ct., to Plymouth church, Woonsocket, R. I.
Robbins, S. W., Cong., of East Hampton, Ct., to South Manchester, Ct.
Rooney, J. C., Bapt., of Branchport, to Cooper's Plains, N. Y.
Swier, Minor, Reformed (Dutch), to Oyster Bay, L. I.
Snyder, B. F., Presb., to Centerville, N. Y.
Stone, C. A., Bapt., of East Charleston, Vt., to Chemung, N. Y.
Walker, J. O., Bapt., of Meriden, Conn., to Temple church, Fall River, Mass.
Wenzler, E. S., Presb., of Blue Ball, O., to Clifton, O.
Wyatt, C. B., D.D., Epis., of San Francisco, to Incarnation church, Washington, D. C.

REMOVALS.

Bell, J. M., Cong., of Watertown, Mass.
Clements, T. D., Freewill Bapt., of South Boston, Mass.
Dean, H. B., Cong., of St. Clair, Mich.
Dow, W. W., Cong., of Waterford, Me.
Dubbs, J. H., Reformed (German), of Pottstown, Pa.
Gerhart, T. A., Cong., of Orient, L. I.
Leonard, L. G., D.D., Bapt., of Lebanon, O.
Lucas, H., Cong., of Mount Morris, Mich.
Stevens, Henry S., Bapt., of Twenty-fifth-street church, New York.
Tenney, C., Cong., of Biddeford, Me.
Tappan, D.D., Cong., of Wakefield, N. H.

DEATHS.

Bates, John H., Cong., 54, of Antrim, N. H., at Glen Springs, S. C., May 10th.
Chapin, Daniel E., Meth., 55, of Worcester, Mass., May 14th.
Fanz, Ah, Bapt., of San Francisco, May 17th. Preacher to the Chinese.
Harvey, G. W., Bapt., 65, of Janesville, Wis., May 22d.
Kieffer, Ephraim, Reformed (German), 59, of Carlisle, Pa., May 11th.
Manley, John, Reformed (Dutch), 63, of Hackensack, N.J., May 23d.
Onius, J. D., Meth., of Charleston, Ill., May 22d.
Patterson, Stearns, Meth., of Philadelphia, May 30th.
Stover, E., 57, of Saratoga, N. Y., May 10th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Depanloup, M., Cath., Bishop of Orleans, succeeds M. Dupanloup as Archbishop of Paris.
Mills, James B., Cong., of Charlestown Mass., has been appointed secretary of the American Peace Society.

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE CAVALIER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

When I was very young, indeed,
Ages ago, my dear,
I had to stand by me at need
A little cavalier;
The prettiest lad I ever met,
Black-eyed, red-cheeked, and fat.
His face I never can forget.
His name? We'll call it Nat.

I saw him first one pleasant day,
Beside his mother's door.
His third year had not slipped away,
And I was scarcely four.
Upon his arm a wooden gun
He bore right soldierly;
I know not which it was first won
My heart, that gun or he.

There never was a clumsier trap
By child of mortal seen.
A button at its side went—snap!
The gun was painted green.
But, shouldering it with martial tread,
Prondest of girls was I;
While like a flag above his head
Would my pink bonnet fly.

For Nat I gathered currants fine,
And flowers that bloomed around;
Though only yellow celandine
And blue gill-over-the-ground
Grew underneath the gray stone wall;
Still they retain their charm,
The homely blossoms that recall
That early sunshine warm.

I never tasted gingerbread,
Or doughnuts crisp and new,
But in my mother's ear I said:
"For little Nat some, too."
The days were dull and dark when him
To seh ol I could not lead.
That love like ours at last grow dim
A pity seems, indeed.

To me he brought no cake or toy;
But then you know, my dear,
That he was nothing but a boy,
And boys have ways so queer!
They do not stop to think of things
That give girls such delight;
But take whatever fortune brings
As if it were their right.

'Twas no such trifle made us part.
He loved my gifts to take,
And it was comfort to my heart
To see him eat my cake.
It happened thus: One afternoon,
As from the school we came—
The day was sultry, late in June,
Our faces burned like flame.

Beneath the blooming locust trees
We loitered, I and Nat;
His hair was lifted by the breeze,
His hat
By its long bridle-string of green,
And lightly held his hand.
No happier thru twain were seen
Than we in all the land.

A freckled girl was passing by,
And down she gazed at me,
As if we children, Nat and I,
Were something strange to see.
I looked at him and looked at her;
Why did she scan us so?
The cruel words she uttered were:
"I guess you've got a beau!"

"A beau! What! he?" At once I dropped
The little hand and hat,
And loune I ran, and never stopped
Till I lost sight of Nat.
A beau! Some monstrous thing no doubt,
All tucks and fangs and claws;
The one they read to me about
A *boa*-constrictor was.

None did I with my grief annoy;
None should my terror know;
But, oh! I wondered if a boy
Must always be a beau!
And so my happy days were done.
That innocent-looking Nat,
The owner of that beautiful gun,
How came *he* to be *that?*

Nat's doorstep nevermore I sought.
No sign of woe gave he;
Much more of him I doubtless thought
Than ever he of me.
Forgetting is not hard for men
Of any age, my dear;
And I have not desired, since then,
A little cavalier.

OUR COCKATOO.

BY JANE SCARBOROUGH.

Our cockatoo came over from Australia to London with a gentleman, his wife, and baby. They came to live in our house—gentleman, lady, cockatoo, and baby. We liked the gentleman and lady very much; but we loved the baby and the cockatoo. The baby was a low-voiced, wee, white thing, that had almost gone to Heaven in coming over the sea; the cockatoo was a big, white, loud-voiced bird, which the sailors had taught to swear so during the voyage that he would have been in danger of going to a place very different from Heaven, if he could have known how wicked were the words he used. Because I never tired of wondering at the bird, who could say many things as well as any person; and because I loved him in spite of some of his naughty ways; and because the little baby grew littler and whiter, and could not bear the noise, the lady asked me to take the bird to my room. A few months after, the little baby went away—a long way off; and the lady and gentleman went away, but not with the baby. They left the bird with me, and so he came to be my own.

We loved each other very much, indeed. He was so affectionate and so clever, and could learn words and phrases so easily, and use them so funnily after he had learned them, that he seemed *almost* as nice a thing to have as a child. Of course, he was not, really, nearly so nice, for he could learn only a few things compared to *boy* or girl; but those seemed very interesting in a bird!

He could speak very plainly; but his voice was shrill and pinched, like a little old man's. We called him Cocky, for short; and he called himself Cocky. We were obliged to whip him sometimes, because he could not understand reasoning; and in no other way could we break up his bad habits, such as swearing.

When he was punished, he would pull the feathers of his neck up over his head in a queer way, run under the sofa, and look for a long time as if he were partly angry and partly sorry. Then he would come out and climb sottly up on my shoulder, and put his bill close to my mouth, and say: "Cocky's been a bad boy. Cocky's sorry. Kiss Cocky!" And he would put his bill up closer, and smack as cauxingly as little lips. I smacked back with all my heart.

After the baby had been gone a long time, and I had had him about a year, I went one day to see my father, and took Cocky with me; for my father, who was very old, was much amused with the wonderful bird. I went in an omnibus. It was full. Opposite me sat a woman, holding a baby, crowded up into a little round ball of white—only a sweet, patient face sailing out at the bird. The woman asked me about the bird. I told her how much he could talk; and we both tried to make him talk, but he would not. He sat very still, looking intently at the baby. At last he said, suddenly, in a tone low and tender for his old-mannish voice: "*Pretty baby! Pretty baby!*" All the people in the omnibus were greatly excited. I was startled myself, for I had never heard him say it before. I suppose the people with whom he had lived taught him to say it to their baby before it went away, and he remembered it when he saw the little thing in the omnibus.

He was very fond of sugar; and, if he could get at it, would always help himself to all he wanted for that time, and then throw the rest into corners, to eat when he should get hungry for sugar again. One day, when the room had just been made nice, I came in and found the floor covered with sugar, and Cocky standing on the table, with one foot in the sugar-bowl, just ready to throw another handful. I was provoked with him; and, having a towel in my hand, I struck him with it three times, saying:

"You naughty fellow! Take that, and *that*, and THAT!"

Pulling the feathers of his crop and neck up over his head in his queer, mad fashion, he flew away up on the ridge-pole of his high cage. I stooped to pick up the sugar; when, as I was bending over the floor, he flew as quick as light upon my head, and, taking the hair right on the top in his strong claws, he gave it three terrible pulls, mimicking my tone as well as he could:

"Take that, and *that*, and THAT!"

It was such a comically just return for my petty passion that I burst into a hearty laugh, notwithstanding my smarting head and despised reproof. He seemed to appreciate my state of mind at once; for, laying low his pouting feathers, he said:

"Cocky's been a bad boy; but don't whip Cocky!"

When we were at dinner he would come and perch upon my shoulder; and, if he were not noticed as soon as he wished, he would say:

"Arn't you going to give your *poor* Cocky something?"

If he could get to the window, he would call all the cats and dogs in the neighborhood, and stop the horses that trotted along the street; so many voices did he make, and so strangely right and well would he give the names he knew to whatever animals came in sight.

One day we went home to meet quite a party, taking Cocky along to make a pleasure for father. Of course, we were dressed in our best clothes and we went in a private carriage. Cocky was sitting on his master's hand, when he suddenly vomited over his glove and coat. His master reproved him with a sharp cuff on the head. The poor bird, instead of being angry, as he usually was when punished, seemed to have such a sense of the mischief he had done as to be quite broken-hearted. He looked straight up into his master's eye:

"Cocky's been a bad boy; *but Cocky couldn't help it!*"

He said it in so human and so pitiful a way that we both cried.

You will wonder how a bird could learn so much. I do not know; but I will tell you how he seemed to teach himself. Every evening, as the twilight came on, he would sit on his perch and say over softly to himself all the words he knew. *Every night* he would go over this exercise. He did not like to be interrupted. If he were, he would fly off by himself. We paid great respect to his hours of study; for we felt, if we were as faithful in trying to learn as poor Cocky was, we might know a great many things of which we were very ignorant.

At last I was obliged to go away from England, over the sea, and leave my bird. He seemed to feel almost as badly as I did. I do not hear much about him now. If you want to know more about him, you must ask England's Princess Mary. She has him now.

BRAUNSCHWEIG, Germany, March 28th, 1871.

Temperance.

"IT COSTS A SIGHT TO RAISE TOBACCO NOWADAYS."

BY REV. GEORGE TRASK.

We caught this expression from the lips of a tobacco-raising Deacon in the Connecticut Valley, as our train stopped a moment to "wood-up" at a depot. As the train moved on, this quaint remark took like a bur to us, and we penciled down a little soliloquy—perhaps we will call it a little talk—we seemed to have with the Deacon.

Yes, Deacon, we said, it costs a "sight to raise tobacco nowadays," and especially the Connecticut leaf tobacco. First, you sacrifice your best lands to its culture, for no other will answer the purpose. Tobacco has become a sort of Connecticut River god, and a deity who demands the richest sacrifices for his altar which you can make.

And this mischief is much intensified if the notions of some modern chemists are correct. For they advance the startling doctrine that, in the long run, your crop actually robs the soil of a primitive elemental property which no human arm, no human ingenuity can restore. This culture, they maintain, dooms the soil to death or endless sterility. And this, perhaps, is what General John H. Cooke used to tell us about when describing the barren headlands of Virginia, rendered barren and worthless by the long cultivation of this poisonous plant. Should we admit this notion to be true, Deacon, you inflict murder upon "*Mother Earth*," and posterity may have a right to call you to an account for an unnatural crime—a crime which for atrocity wants a name. The murderers of Caspar Hauser, it was said, "*murdered mind*"; and, as there was no law to designate or punish it, the lawyers of Europe were puzzled, and they set themselves to work to frame a law which should designate and handle such an offense. Tell us, Deacon, what kind of a law will posterity enact to punish those of you who murder Mother Earth, the mother of us all!

Again, it costs a sight, Deacon, because this plant is a prodigious *glutton*. It requires, we need not tell you, incomparably more nutrition than wheat, corn, potatoes, or any honest and wholesome productions which subserve the common good. In order to raise it, you must, as the saying goes, "rob Peter to pay Paul." You rob your potato-patch and corn patch, you ransack and impoverish your neighborhood, compass sea and land, send to Guinea, Peru, and elsewhere to feed this vulgar, monstrous glutton. His enormous demand must be appeased if all other crops dwindle and die of starvation.

Again, it costs a "sight," Deacon, because such culture subjects you and your family to filthy and degrading work. Thousands become the common use of tobacco as abominably *filthy* who know nothing of the degrading processes by which its culture is carried on. The odor and aspects of a tobacco-field are anything but agreeable at times; and, though, as the story goes, Old Bruin was entired toward one by the gayety of its flowers in flowering time, still even a bear, on sniffing the profane stench, uttered an unearthly grunt, and ghastly scampered back to his woodlands. Those gummy, sticky, noxious leaves, Deacon, and those fat and odious worms which you pick off one by one, must file all who have to do with it. Indeed, your sons and workmen, when coming from the field, often remind us of woodchucks and Hottentots rather than human beings!

Again, it is shameful, Deacon—it is manifestly sinful—that so beautiful a region as the Connecticut Valley should be thus desecrated. Your broad and beneficent river, your oily and productive soils, your landscape of almost unrivaled verdure, and even your Amherst College and Holyoke Seminary, may to a philosophic mind offer but a poor compensation for the injury your popular crop inflicts upon the souls and bodies of your fellow-men! Your peculiar tobacco-leaf is better known to-day in the great marts of trade (New Orleans, New York, and Baltimore) than the choicest men or the choicest women that Amherst and Holyoke ever sent forth, and may, we fear, be doing more mischief to thoughtless millions than those noble institutions are doing good.

What, Deacon, are the *moral bearings* of this tobacco culture upon yourself, your children, church, and minister? Can you continue such culture with a good conscience, respect yourself, and as an honest man ask God's blessing upon the work of your hands? Can your children respect your motives? Can they believe that their father, an officer in a Christian church, is honorably employed whilst raising a poisonous plant, which tends to do evil, and only evil, and that continually?

What do sensible men and delicate women in your church think of you, as you pass them bread and wine, the emblems of the love of that Saviour who bled and died to save the very souls which your business tends so directly to destroy?

How, Deacon, do you get along with your minister? As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so are your tobacco-fields about him as he stands in his patriot from Sabbath to Sabbath! Does he stand incorrupt? Do you allow him to play the MAN and rebuke you, and those associated with you in the prosecution of this business? Or do you seduce him into silence by your gracious favors?

Think as you may, Deacon, *tobacco-raising Christianity* in your valley stands at discount. The disciples of Christ are sad as they see that your business has brought the blight of spiritual death upon you. Noble men, whom we all delight to honor, say they had as lief see coffles of slaves toiling on the banks of the Connecticut; they had as lief see the Indian back there, with warwhoop and tomahawk, as to see you and other churchmembers there devoted to this culture and joined to this idol.

Pebbles.

....The rigid observance of English rules in the South Carolina courts, and a neglect of the same on the part of Mr. Petigru, gave rise to the following passage:

"Mr. Petigru," said the Judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

Petigru replied: "May it please the bench, I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate: The law says that the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor knows I have already actualy GIVEN

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MRS. SOUTHWORTH, H. H. BANCROFT,
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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM CABINET OFFICERS.

From Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, 25 May, 1866.

I beg you to accept my thanks for the fine engraving you have sent me of Mr. Carpenter's picture, "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation of the scene, with its vivid presentation of the features and portraits of rare fidelity to nature.

The engraver has been singularly successful in copying it, without impairing or detracting from its excellence in these points.

Faithfully yours,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From Chief-Justice Chase (late Secretary of the Treasury).

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1866.

I have just received the engraving of your admirable picture, "Emancipation Proclamation." I do not see that improvement is possible.

Accept my congratulations on your complete success.

As always, your friend,
S. P. CHASE.
F. B. CARPENTER, Esq.

From Secretary Stanton.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 22, 1866.

Accept my thanks for the print and proof of your admirable painting of "The First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet."

The work is, in every respect that I am capable of judging, entirely satisfactory, and worthy of national admiration, as a fitting commemoration of Mr. Lincoln's great deed.

Yours, truly,
EDWIN M. STANTON.

From Secretary Welles.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 5th, 1865.

The Engraving, I am happy to see, is amply commenced. Some parts are excellent, and all well done.

Some feeling of sadness when I saw it came over me for the great and good man who so interested Himself for you, and whom we all love.

Very truly yours,
GIDEON WELLES

From Secretary McCulloch.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 3d, 1866.

The Engraving is very elegant one. I have no doubt the picture will be generally approved and greatly admired.

I am, very truly yours,
HUGH McCULLOCH.

From Hon. Edward Pierrepont, late Attorney-General of the United States.

The individual portraits are very life-like. Indeed, I have never seen a group of seven or eight figures all of which so truly presented the originals.

The execution seems to me excellent, and, without any opinion of mine, my dear sir, your work is a *marked* success.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
EDWARD BATES.

From Postmaster-General Dennison.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d, 1866.

It gives me very great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the admirable engraving from your noble painting of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," by our late lamented President.

The approving judgment of the country of the merit of this picture, and the justness of its association with Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence," as a great national painting, which has been so universally conceded, will, I trust, be sufficient to commend the engraving to every truly patriotic American citizen.

Very truly yours,
W. DENNISON

From Secretary Harlan.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7, 1866.

I take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of Ritchie's Engraving from your beautiful painting.

Trusting, my dear sir, that you may live long to enjoy the fruits of your eminent talent,

I am truly yours,
JAMES HARLAN.

From Attorney-General Speed.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

In your great picture you have succeeded in bringing out and making the faces show their thoughts. You have not sunk the natural in the heroic, a fault so common that it must be difficult for an artist to avoid it. The naturalness of the picture makes it with me one of the grandest and most beautiful achievements of art that I have ever seen.

The engraving is admirably executed.

Truly yours,
JAMES SPEED.

From Senator Fessenden, late Secretary of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1866.

I have received the Engraving from your picture of "The First Reading." It is admirably done, both in points of finish and faithfulness, and I prize it highly.

Yours, truly,
W. P. FESSENDEN.

From Assistant-Secretary Seward.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1866.

GENTLEMEN—I beg you to accept my thanks for your admirable engraving of Mr. Carpenter's "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The fidelity of its portraits enhances the historical interest derived from the subject of the picture.

It must be as gratifying to Mr. Carpenter as it is creditable to the artist to find his great work so accurately and beautifully reproduced as it is gratifying to others to find it in a form which permits it to be seen and appreciated everywhere throughout the world. Yours, truly,

F. W. SEWARD.

From George E. Baker, Editor of Seward's Works, and Agent of the State Department.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1866.

I never did so love and prize a picture as I do Carpenter's, as engraved by Ritchie. How do Carpenter's, as engraved by Ritchie. How it grows on me! Everybody who knows anything of art or of the subject is as enthusiastic as I am over the picture. And I observe that the more cultivated the observers are the more they admire it. The Secretary of State and his family are among those who are least stinted in their praise of it as a perfect work of art. Sincerely yours,

GEO. E. BAKER.

We now desire to make public proclamation to our hundreds of thousands of readers in this and other lands that we have

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The standard literary magazine of the country, with a corps of contributors unexcelled by any magazine in the world. "An honor to American literature." We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and the *Atlantic Monthly* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Atlantic Monthly*) who will send us $5.50; or we will send the *Atlantic Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

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Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

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Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

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A monthly of recreation and instruction, profusely illustrated.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2.50—and the *Sunday Magazine* one year—price $3.50—to any person (not already a subscriber to the *Sunday Magazine*) who will send us $5.00; or we will send the *Sunday Magazine* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT with the money.

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Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

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☞ All communications for the Commercial Department to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2787.**

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The Independent.

HENRY C. BOWEN,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, June 8th, 1871

THE TRAITOR AND THE COPPERHEAD.

WE regard it as a fact worthy of special note that Jefferson Davis and Mr. Vallandigham, both of them Democrats—the one during the war an open and undisguised traitor and rebel, and the other at the same time the most intense and malignant of all Northern Copperheads—should to-day be the two men who, more than any others, constitute in themselves a faithful picture of the Democratic party. If any one wishes to know what this party *is* in 1871, or what it has been for the last ten years, he has simply to sit at the feet of these distinguished apostles, and he will get the whole story. They are the best living incarnation of its history, as well as its present temper and purpose. It seldom falls to the lot of two men to be so significant in their representative character.

It is not possible to disguise the fact that Jefferson Davis is the true exponent of the prevailing type of Democracy in the Southern States. The Democratic crowds that throng to hear and greet him as the hero and martyr of the "lost cause"; the general popularity of his sentiments among Southern Democrats, as shown by the honors they lavish upon him; the equally general utterances of the Southern Democratic press in his favor; the left-handed, half-hearted, and evidently insincere criticisms of that portion of the Southern Democratic press which simply doubts the political wisdom of his speaking out so plainly, and would prefer, as a matter of policy, that he should stop his speech-making until after the next presidential election—these facts leave no doubt in any candid mind whether Jefferson Davis correctly reflects the Democratic heart of the South. He agrees with it, and it agrees with him. When he speaks, it speaks. He will not be *muzzled* out by the political time-servers. He has a creed, and he throughly believes in it; and it is precisely the same creed that he held during the war, and has held ever since. As a candidate for the next Presidency he would today command more Southern Democratic votes than any other man who can be named.

It is but fair to his character to say that Jefferson Davis, the traitor and the rebel-conqueror of our nation, is not a modern Democratic *sham*. He holds political principles that are exceedingly offensive to the great body of the Northern people, and he does not shrink from uttering them in 1871. He simply wants *power* to put them into practice. He doesn't mean to "accept the situation," and he squarely says so. He abominates this "cant phrase," and, in terms it, on the lips of those who fought against the Government. In his judgment the Rebellion was right. He sticks to his record, and utterly refuses to add the sin of hypocrisy to the crime of treason. Southern Democrats honor him for so doing; and to both we cheerfully concede whatever credit there is in being consistent in their wrong.

Mr. Vallandigham—the Copperhead during the war, whom General Burnside was compelled to give a forcible leave of absence from the loyal states, and whom, when afterward nominated for governor, the people of Ohio spurned by more than one hundred thousand majority against him—is as true an embodiment of Northern Democracy in its present phase. After having figured in the National Democratic Conventions of 1864 and 1868—in the one of which the war for the Union was pronounced a failure, and an immediate cessation of hostilities demanded; and in the other of which the reconstruction measures were declared to be "*unconstitutional, revolutionary, null, and void*"—he has at length become convinced by the logic of events that this sort of political game at the North will not pay. Something must be done, if possible, to save Northern Democracy from the curse of its own antecedents. To meet this exigency, Mr. Vallandigham volunteers as the leader and chief-priest of the "New Departure" theory; and the Northern wing of the party trains under his management, as it did in 1864 and 1868. Taking his watchword, it professes a willingness, by a sort of eleventh hour conversion, to accept the reconstruction measures as accomplished facts; and on this basis it hopes that the American people will place the National Government in Democratic hands in 1872. It followed Mr. Vallandigham in 1864 and 1868; and, though on both occasions politically ruined by him, it seems now ready to follow him again. His political history is identical with that of Northern Democracy. His record and its record are one and the same. If the one had supplied all the brains of the other, the similarity could not be more complete. The rebel sympathizer, lacking nothing but courage to make him a fighting traitor, and now accepted as the prophet of this section of the party, has undertaken to be its Moses and lead it into the Promised Land.

Surely, a prophet is not needed to predict the future of a party thus divided against itself, having for its Southern wing a Jefferson Davis, and for its Northern wing a Vallandigham. Nothing could well be more evincive of its demoralized and utterly bankrupt condition. The schism of 1871 is as real and positive as that which was developed in 1860, when the Charleston Convention broke up in a row. Jefferson Davis and his adherents, opposed to the Republican party on principle, regard the "New Departure" politicians as a set of tricksters and time-servers; and in this judgment they are not mistaken. Mr. Vallandigham and his party return the compliment by calling the Davis party at the South a set of fools; and here they are not far out of the way. As between the two, the American people will be very wise to choose neither. Let them fight out their political duels as a minority. Neither can be safely trusted with the management of this Government. Nobody supposes that the people of the North would knowingly commit the Government to Southern Democrats; and as for the "New Departure" men, it will be quite time enough to trust them when, after a political quarantine, continued for several years longer, they shall have been thoroughly disinfected. Let them wait until a good character acquired by good deeds shall reasonably establish the soundness of their professed conversion. We do not mean to be uncharitable beyond the requirements of safety, and are hence willing to take them on probation; yet we know too much of them to accept them as genuine converts until their regeneration has been thoroughly attested by time.

The Government is already in safe hands, by the virtual showing of Mr. Vallandigham himself. He proposes to adopt just what the Republican party means to make permanent. Very well. What use then is there in putting him into power, even if he is sincere? None whatever. We prefer those whose faith has been well proved by their works, rather than those whose present professed faith is contradicted by their whole history. The duty of Republicans is to buckle on the armor, and at the ballot-box finish the work left unfinished by the sword.

REVENUE FROM POSTAGE.

WHEN Sir Rowland Hill proposed his wonderful scheme of penny postage one object he had in view was to restore vitality to that branch of the revenue which was derived from the post-office, and he expressed his belief that more money could be brought into the treasury by the new system than was derived from the old rates. When the bill came before the House of Lords the Duke of Wellington said he did not believe in the sanguine calculations of the projector as to revenue; but he thought the new plan would be beneficial, and the people desired it, and would be willing to be taxed in some other way to supply the deficiency. He should, therefore, vote for it, and he advised their lordships to do the same. And so the bill was passed. The result has proved that Mr. Hill's calculations were correct; for the net revenue to the treasury from the post-office, which had been stationary for twenty years, has been growing, and still increases from year to year, so that it is now much greater than it was under the old system.

We have thus a most valuable and instructive problem in political science, to show how marvelously the revenue may be increased by reducing the rate of taxation. We have also developed the most beneficent and perfect system of governmental machinery that was ever seen upon earth, by which the Government is taxing the people at the same time that it is conferring upon them the most widespread and inestimable benefits, promotive of the highest improvements, both moral and pecuniary. There can be no revolution in England, just because destroying the government would be destroying the post-office.

But just now the subject has come before the people of England in a new light. The question has been raised whether it is right to tax the correspondence of the people to raise revenue for the ordinary expenses of government. It is found that the expenses of the post-office are covered by one-half of the receipts from penny postage, so that the net revenue is equal to the expenditure, proving that a half-penny per letter will cover the proper cost of postage. Thereupon Mr. Graves, M. P. for Liverpool, has addressed the Chamber of Commerce in that city, maintaining the liberal doctrine "that the commercial monopoly retained by the government in the post-office business ought not to be used for purposes of revenue at all, but solely for the service of the public"; and that the "usefulness, not the revenue, of the post-office ought to be the guiding consideration." The only upshot of this doctrine must be halfpenny postage, equal to what THE INDEPENDENT has always demanded, ONE CENT POSTAGE. This is the only logical conclusion in England, and the question is whether the people of the United States are to remain deprived of an equal advantage.

In this country we carry out the old idea of taxing letters to pay the expenses of the Government in an indirect and fraudulent way. Instead of transferring the surplus revenues of the Post-office to the general treasury, and paying with them the current expenses of the Government, we just transfer the duties of the Government to the Post-office, and then insist in keeping up a high rate of postage, so that the Post-office may be able to support itself. Thus we compel the Post-office to extend the mail service to all the new settled parts of the country, so as to promote the sale of the public lands, and enable the Government to do its business in the sparsely settled parts of the country, all to be paid for by a tax upon the letters, or else the Post-office will not support itself. And then we require the mails to carry all the tons of documents and electioneering pamphlets of members of Congress, at a cost of seven millions of dollars. And the Post-master-General tells us he would be glad to reduce the postage, and would do it at once, if it were not for the expense of the franking; but so long as that continues it will be impossible to make the Post-office support itself except by charging high postage for letters. We say, Let the Government pay for the mails to the new settlements out of the money got by settling the lands. And let Congress pay for transporting its tons of documents, just as it pays the cost of printing them, out of its own treasury; and thus cease to tax the correspondence of the people. The experiment in England has proved that one cent is a fair rate to charge for letters circulated in the settled parts of the country, and above that is a tax for government purposes that ought to come out of the treasury.

THE LESSON OF THE COMMUNE.

THE Commune has gone down in blood, amid the lurid flames of burning palaces, attended with irreparable losses of valuable and innocent lives. Such an event must have a lesson for the instruction of mankind. Written in blood, and read by the light of awful conflagrations, it contains instruction, if men have the wisdom to discern it. And one would think that in this case the lesson is one set forth in such characters that he that runs may read, and the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. It is that all men with any stake in society, whether of their own industry and skill or the accumulations of the industry and skill of their ancestors; all who desire peace in their homes and safety in their borders; all who prize religion and value the family relation, on which civil government rests, may see to what hideous extremes the fanaticism of socialistic revolution can go, and may be on their guard against it. It teaches that wise provision should be made to guard against ideas which, carried out, would make of every city a Paris, by leaving no just ground of complaint against society as represented in government, while consenting to no assault on the laws of political economy or of fundamental morality, in the vain hope of controlling by yielding to it. Fanaticism, where genuine, must be met by reason; where made the cover of crime, by punishment. But only overt acts can call for this resort; and error may be left, in this case as in all others, to the encounter of truth, without fear as to the issue, though the struggle may be severe and sometimes appear to be doubtful.

This disturbance in the elements of society, which has been carried in Paris to its legitimate results, is not without its redeeming aspect. It is the fruit undoubtedly of the increase of intelligence and of thoughtfulness on the part of the laboring population. It is what kings and priests and nobles foresaw and foretold as the consequence of giving education to the lower classes. The masses, who had been groping in darkness for ages, upon having their eyes first opened, see men as trees, walking, and strike wildly in search of an improved condition. They see that certain persons are better off than they; they feel, as their ancestors never did, the force of the comparison; and they have ceased to consider these distinctions and differences as the order of Nature and the ordination of God. In Europe, where a proletary class has been the inevitable consequence of the institutions which have come down from past ages, this discontent is much better founded, as well as more general, than in this country, and it is of more immediate danger. And the Parisian excesses will have the double effect of alarming the industrious and thrifty class, which constitutes the substance of every civil community, and putting them on their guard, and of inducing such reforms of abuses as are really reasonable and proper. It is not true that the laboring classes, even in Europe, are in a worse condition than those of former centuries. On the contrary, their condition is much better, bad as it is in the back-slums of Glasgow and in East London. There was as much misery, at least, when plagues and fire were needed to purge London two centuries ago, and make it possible that it should become in time a fit habitation for men, as there is now; but nobody thought of it as a mischief that could be relieved, excepting by almsgiving, which only aggravated it. All the great cities knew then, as now, and more than now, those "darkest caverns,"

> "Where hopeless Anguish poured his groan,
> And lonely Want retired to die";

but the possibility of replacing them with habitations fit for civilized beings had never dawned on the most benevolent minds. The light which has been shed on the questions of pauperism and mendicity has enlightened the rich as well as the poor, and has led to earnest strivings after the answers they demand. And the horrors of the Paris Commune will stimulate and enlighten these attempts.

That a conspiracy exists in Europe against the existing order of things there, though its extent and character may have been exaggerated, is hardly doubtful. They take the shape of the protection of labor and the regulation of the relations between it and capital. And many well-meaning persons stop there, and think that the leaders have no further designs. The lesson of the Commune should teach such that many of the leaders regard this question but as the stepping-stone to a higher condition of society—a condition in which a community of goods shall be established, in which every man shall labor under the direction of the Commune and on the Commune's account, in which the family shall cease to exist, where children shall be cared for in public nurseries, and marriage be an obsolete institution, and God be abolished by decree. That these opinions are held sincerely and propagated fanatically is beyond doubt. The experiment just tried in Paris included as many of their ideas as could be developed under the circumstances of the case. And a more hideous tyranny never brooded over civilized or savage country than the one which these philosophic philanthropists and special republicans exercised.

In this country the comparatively equal division of the soil and the ease with which it can be acquired in the new country will long prevent any serious agrarian disturbance. The farmers throughout the land will crush any interference between them and their mother earth, until a total change has taken place in the proportions of ownership. Then the fact that the great majority even of the laboring class have property will be a sufficient assurance that they will not consent to any revolution that shall interfere with its tenure. The millions upon millions in the savings banks are so much guaranty against successful assaults on property. The attempts to regulate wages by violence is what we have mainly to guard against; and here the laws of political economy, which are the laws of God, must prevail in the end against all endeavors to subvert them. Unhappily, it will be the weak that will suffer by their inevitable operation. Let us learn to apply them in the spirit of justice, and we shall never have a lesson to learn from a commune here.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

THIS is the season of showers, and it is morally certain that among the multitudes of the readers of this Journal, scattered up and down the continent from the Bay or Fundy to the Gulf of California, many will read these words in their own homes on a rainy Sunday. The promise of God to the Israelites was, "I will give you rain in due season"; and, if we be Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise, these words are for us. To those who have no other reason for such faith they may stand as a divine assurance that it always rains when it ought to rain, and never rains except when it ought to rain. Rainy Sundays are, therefore, by Divine appointment, and as such are not only to be acquiesced in, but to be well studied and prayerfully used.

Dr. Bushnell might well have included rainy Sundays among the subjects of his essays on "The Moral Uses of Dark Things"; for they are among the darkest of subjects, and their use needs to be expounded. A few choice spirits have learned to enjoy them; but to a large majority of people they are among the dreariest of days. Not only the people who are in the habit of seeking their Sunday pleasure out-of-doors, but even the habitual churchgoers are not all able to find delight and refreshment in the enforced leisure of these days. The discovery of this fact ought of itself to be a warning to all persons so affected. When you have read till you are sleepy, and sung till you are hoarse, and talked till you have lost your temper, suppose you sit down and ask yourself why it is that a single day of inactivity is so nearly insupportable? Does it not indicate a poverty of intellectual resources? Does it not show that your life is too much in bodily excitements and sensations, and that whatever gains you have gotten thus far have been material rather than spiritual?

Especially to the great multitude who are wont to spend the holy time in roaming and dissipation these rainy Sundays ought to prove a blessing. The quiet to which they are compelled may not be restful, but should be useful to them. It gives them plenty of time for sober thinking, and there is nothing they need so much. If they have any better days to remember, it is likely that the remembrance will find them. The friends of earlier years, with whom they were wont to take sweet counsel and walk to the house of God in company, will be with them again in thought; the hopes and aspirations of their childhood will return to them. It may be that, since they have nowhere else to go, they will find their way to the sanctuary. It is not unusual for the mission chapels in the cities to have larger congregations on the stormy days than on the pleasant ones. To these foul-weather worshipers the uses of rainy Sundays are apparent.

They serve also as a convenient measure of Christian consecration. They show the minister who are the trustworthy and steadfast members of his congregation. Of these the larger number, as every pastor knows, belong to the sex that does not vote. The day is very stormy indeed in which they are not the majority of the congregation. "If the weather should be stormy," said a Methodist minister, in giving out a notice, "I shall not expect to see many of the brethren; but I trust the sisters will try to be on hand." The satire had its provocation. To you, also, O lazy Christian! lounging in dressing-gown and slippers, with THE INDEPENDENT stretched tentwise above your head, as you read this article—to you this particular rainy Sunday ought to bring rebuke and shame. At any rate, if it fails to do so, it shall not be the fault of THE INDEPENDENT. You know very well that this storm would not have kept you from the counting-room or the factory, if it had come on Monday. To make a dollar or two you would have exposed yourself to the weather ten times as much as you would have been required to do in going to church. If, on a week-day, you had lacked a yard of trimming for the new suit, you would have donned your waterproof and rubbers, and gone after it, through a heavier rain than is now falling, would you not, fair lady? It was a worse night than this when Mrs. Skandal's famous party came off; and you were there in your finest flummery. It often rains on the night of the weekly sociable of the Terpsichoreans; but you have never been absent on account of the rain. When you are in pursuit of gain or of pleasure, it takes a mighty obstacle to stop you; when you are in the way of Christian service, the least obstruction turns you back. A precious disciple you are, indeed! Are you not ashamed of yourself? How long do you think it would be before the Kingdom of God would come if its coming depended on the fidelity and zeal of such Christians as you? "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," wrote Paul to Timothy. A soldier who cannot endure hardness is worse than useless in any army. How much help do you think the great army gets from such puny and pusillanimous recruits as you have proved yourself to be? You know that your minister is preaching to-day to a handful of saints, who need neither reproof nor exhortation, while you, who are sadly in need of both, have tarried at home. You thought to find comfort, perhaps, in these columns. If some of you who are sinning away in utter idleness this rainy day of grace have found, instead of the comfort you sought, the reproof and exhortation that you needed, and that your minister, if he is a sensible man, would not have administered from the pulpit, we shall have our reward. It would be a sweet satisfaction for us to know that we have made a few fair-weather Christians exceedingly uncomfortable.

Editorial Notes.

IT is only because the inventor of the magnetic telegraph has lived beyond the ordinary age of man that he has seen the honor given to himself that is generally paid only after a great man's death. It was fitting that his statue should last Saturday be erected in Central Park. His fame is achieved, and there is no chance that he can undo it. Samuel F. B. Morse is one of the few great benefactors of the race; and his monument encircles the earth in ten thousand lines of wire and strands of cable. The exercises at the Central Park in the afternoon, and at the Academy of Music in the evening, were of thrilling interest. Mr. W. C. Bryant, Gen. Banks, Rev. H. M. Gallaher, and others, were exceedingly felicitous in their addresses; and when Mr. Morse sat down to the keys of the first instrument used on the first line in the world, and signed his name to the message, sent to every quarter of the globe, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good-will to man," the scene was sublime, and the grand audience felt its power, and burst out in enthusiastic though it seemed reverent applause. Fit sequel was this to the first message sent from Washington to Baltimore—"What has God wrought?" Mr. Morse's own address, recounting something of the history of the invention, was of great interest. Our readers may not generally know that the father of the telegraph was once a professional painter, and was also father of the National Academy of Design. Thus in this better age of the world do utility and beauty join hand to hand.

IF we quite get the meaning of General Sherman's somewhat evasive letter, he does not mean to stand in General Grant's way as our next candidate for the presidency. He says:

"I hereby state, and mean all that I say that I never have been and never will be a candidate before or to again, so that we may exercise the rights of a citizen to ride in the street-cars without being murdered, and to escort a lady without constant apprehension that she will be kidnapped by slave-traders."

We have already admitted that the ruffians who constitute the rank and file of the Democracy in this city are not much better than the ruffians of the same party who murder defenseless men and women in the Southern States. But, bad as we are in New York, there is yet no parallel between the condition of society here and that which prevails in the South. Our ruffians are sometimes, if not always, brought to justice; whereas not one of all the ten thousand murderers of the Ku-Klux bands has ever been punished in the Southern courts. When the *Advocate* shall be able to point us to a single instance in which one of these desperadoes has been convicted by a Southern jury, sentenced by a Southern judge, and hung by a Southern sheriff, we will confess that there is some force in its comparison. Meantime, all such befogging of the issue as that which we have quoted above does the *Advocate* no credit.

THE freedmen offer a few years' instruction make very satisfactory teachers, who are in good demand, if we may trust such a letter as the following, shown us by Gen. Armstrong, principal of the Hampton, Va., Normal School:

"ROANOKE COLLEGE, SALEM, VA., June 6th, 1871.
"GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG:
"*Dear Sir*,—I wish you to supply me with six teachers for the next session. I am much pleased with Samuel Winslor, now in charge of a flourishing school in this place. The teachers you turn out from your school please us much better than any others.
"L. R. HOLLAND.
"*County Superintendent*."

W. H. Ruffner, Esq., Superintendent of Public Instruction for Virginia, writes to Gen. Armstrong:

"From every quarter of the state comes up a cry for colored schools. . . . The money is ready; the school houses are ready, or can be obtained; but the teachers cannot be found. Your best pupils must all be put to work in the summer. But you ought to have fifty-five as many as you have."

There are accommodations only for some ninety pupils in the normal department, and no better object can appeal to our benevolence for an increase of endowment. Several hundred pupils are in the primary departments, and our friend Alexander Hyde, the well-known Massachusetts farmer, who has just been visiting the school, ought to tell our agricultural readers something of the fine farm of 125 acres which the normal scholars cultivate.

WE hear from the *Christian Recorder*, the able organ of the African Methodist Church, a cry of alarm that does our soul good. Educational work at the South is reaching the colored people; or, at least, their children. We do not care what Christian body gets the next generation at the South, if it only deserves it by teaching it. The African Methodists would keep what they have, they must wake up to the duty of education. The *Christian Recorder*, enforcing the rule which it emphasizes—"*Keep your children at home and indoctrinate them into the good old Wesleyan Methodism*"—says:

"Were we to declare our convictions that within the next generation the most effective churches in the South among the colored people would be Presbyterian or Congregational we would be branded as sensational; and yet do not the signs of the times seem to warrant such a declaration? They certainly do warrant the declaration that *among* the most numerous and most effective of colored churches in the South will be those in connection with the aforementioned bodies.

"What are these signs of the times? We answer, they are seen in the following facts: (a) Three-fourths of the teachers of the South belong to these branches of Christ's Church, especially the latter or Congregational branch. (b) That in connection with almost every day-school there is a Sunday-school, which the same scholars are expected to attend; and do, with more or less regularity. (c) In connection with every Sunday-school there is the nucleus of a church."

Now that the Congregational churches, under the lead of the Conference of New York and vicinity, are arranging for some other channel than the American and Foreign Christian Union for their work in Roman Catholic countries, we trust they will set a good example in dispensing as far as possible with machinery. The good time has not yet come when separate churches, conferences, or presbyteries can, like the Church in Antioch, separate their own Saul and Barnabas for mission work. For the present we need the benevolent societies. But those societies should be economically managed. There are too many of them now; not so much because there are too many calls on our benevolence, as because the cost of administration is multiplied by the division. Each separate society has to pay for its rent, secretaries, collecting agents, etc. Now, assuming that only societies engaged in direct evangelizing work should, as a rule, appeal to the churches (anything from a denominational building to a publishing firm may appeal to individuals), evangelizing work divides itself into two departments—the home and the foreign. The occasion makes us suggest to our Congregational brethren that they consolidate their foreign missions, providing that the American Board shall have a separate department of missions to Catholic countries, which must appeal for and depend upon separate contributions, but yet be under the direction of the same management which cares for missions in heathen countries. Our rule would be: one board, separate departments. We do not believe the time is very far off when a similar consolidation will take place in home missions. The Home Missionary Society, with its labor in planting churches on the frontiers; the American Missionary Association, laboring among the freedmen; the Congregational Union, which builds meeting-houses; and the Education Society, might well form separate departments under one general management.

THIS from Archbishop Kenrick's St. Louis organ is toothsome. We had unearthed the prelate's speech against infallibility, and faced him with it. The *Watchman* replies squarely enough:

"Archbishop Kenrick has given to the world a very masterly protest against the dogma in question. He has collected and elucidated all the adverse arguments which reason, history, theology, and Scripture can supply. He has launched forth strong objections; but *has refuted them—thoroughly, radically refuted them*. He asserted, and sure ly believed, that the *ex cathedra* utterances of the Sovereign Pontiff were not infallible, but the Church decided that they were; and he now knows that he was wrongly informed of the teachings of his own Church in his theology, and misled in his scriptural investigations; he now knows that the successor of St. Peter, when *deciding* a controversy of faith and morals, is *infallible*, because *the Church* has said it,' against whose authority the words of a Paul or of an angel from Heaven were anathema."

That is, here are evident forgeries: A herd of ignorant Italian bishops enforces them, and they become veritable historical documents! A council deposes a Pope for heresy; and yet the popes are infallible! A half a dozen councils and a score of popes denounce usury; and yet the later crop allow it, and the present incumbent advertises for loans; and all discordantly infallible!

WE must own it—we have sometimes felt a little nervous lest some of our old cherished faiths might have their underpining knocked out by the discoveries of science; and we have spent, perhaps, too much thought in solving the question whether the speculations on the antiquity of man were consistent with the Bible. But "ye feeble saints fresh courage take." Dr. Robert Patterson (see the *Herald and Presbyter*) has discovered the inherent absurdity of extreme antiquity notions. Hear him:

"If man had lived and multiplied during the millions and hundreds of millions of years which the deponents in the bowels and bones of the dead generations could not find room for burial on the earth. They would form a column as broad as the earth's diameter, reaching far beyond the sun."

We would not venture to remind Dr. Patterson that Huxley and Darwin and some other scientists in science believe that even bone are subject to decay; but are we wrong in supposing that it is Scripture doctrine, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return"?

WE informed the *Christian Radical*, the other week, that it is not safe to quote "*God* was manifest in the flesh" as a proof-text, in asmuch as, instead of the word "God" in this text, the best manuscripts have the relative "who." We thought, we were instructing innocent ignorance; but now we know better, for that paper replies unblushingly:

"It is not true that the best manuscripts use the relative 'who' instead of the word 'God.' And most all that do grant that the internal evidence is entirely in favor of the word 'God.'"

The *Christian Radical*, if it does not plead ignorance, ought to be ashamed of its lack of veracity. We would tell that sheet, further, that not only do the oldest and best manuscripts, beginning with the Sinaitic and Vatican, read "who," but the best versions and the most ancient Greek fathers do the same; and further, that the internal evidence goes the same way, as do the best editors. And yet, brethren, and yet, notwithstanding the *Christian Radical* and Dr Patterson, we are believers.

WE have picked up an itinerating paragraph about a man who hired seats for himself and family in a certain church, and attended service there for an entire year, without being called on or even spoken to by any officer of the church and congregation. At length he went for once to a church of another denomination, and there received so hearty a greeting that he concluded to stay. The moral which all the newspapers append is, of course, that our churches are not so hospitable as they ought to be; which nobody can deny. There is something to be said, however, on the other side of the question. It is simply absurd to say that a decent man, joining himself to any body of Christians, and heartily desiring to be identified with them and their work, should remain for a whole year without acquaintance among them. The people who are for so long a time strangers in our churches commonly have themselves to blame for it. Their undue diffidence or their silly pride leads them to hold themselves aloof from their fellow-worshipers. Not only do they fail to seek opportunities of becoming acquainted, they even sometimes clothe themselves in a kind of reserve which seems to forbid the approach of those who would be glad to know them. The moment the Sunday service concludes, out they go, as if the dominie were after them—turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and plainly showing that they do not intend to be spoken to. The minister sees them every Sunday in his congregation, but he knows not whence they come nor whither they go; and, since the harpoon and lasso are carnal weapons, which he is not allowed to use in the pulpit, there appears to be no way in which he can find out. The people ought, of course, to waylay them; but the undertaking is a formidable one. Doubtless there is often fault on the part of the church; but doubtless there is also fault on the part of these grumbling outsiders, who expect to be flattered with obsequious attention, and who stand on their dignity so very squarely until they get it. Any Christian man who goes with the right spirit into any Christian congregation will speedily find a warm place there, because he will make his own place warm.

THE *Standard* of Chicago has a letter from "a Baptist" asking for advice. He is living in a part of the country where there is no Baptist church nearer than twenty-five miles, and there is no prospect of having one nearer. There is a Methodist church, however, less than one mile distant: and he wants to know whether, under the circumstances, it would be right for him to join it. The *Standard* gives him the following advice:

"Were it our case, we should put our letters into the nearest Baptist church, and thus retain our membership and standing. Then we should attend the Methodist church as regularly as if we belonged there; yet all the while hoping, laboring, and praying for the time to come when there would be established a church of our own faith and order. There is no place in this country—especially in a section so new as Minnesota—where we may not confidently expect the organization of a Baptist church. It would be well to start a Baptist Sunday-school by way of seed-sowing."

This exhibits in the clearest manner that peculiarity of our Baptist brethren of which Christians of other denominations have a right to complain. In the case under consideration it is evident that the refusal of this Baptist brother to enter into church relations with his Methodist brethren would be of the nature of an accusation against them. And, if he were all the while "hoping, laboring, and praying" for the establishment of a Baptist church, and were trying at the same time to build up a Baptist Sunday-school, his connection with the Methodists would be a source of some people will beg leave to differ with the Positivists. The relation between tree and fruit is not more intimate than that between the philosophy and the course of the Commune.

....The King of Sweden has been nearly killed by a "Vegetable Hair Restorer," and the chemists, of course, have found poison in it. The *sugar* of lead was all there was vegetable about it.

....Professor Huxley, in a late speech at the Royal Academy, proposed a new distinction between men and animals. The lower creatures walk on two legs, make themselves silk clothes like caterpillars, or have pockets like Kangaroos, or build houses like beavers, or talk like parrots. But only man draws pictures. Therefore, the president of the Academy is the crown of all creation.

....The Prince Imperial, the boy who got his baptism of fire (he is a weakly child, and it has been whispered that he fainted away when he heard the cannon), it is reported, will stand as a candidate for the French Assembly. His melodramatic attitude has once excited the laughter of Christendom. Why should his father make Christendom mock him again?

....Of the 369 collegiate institutes in the United States 18 are in New England and 153 in the Northwest; 60 are Methodist, 47 Roman Catholic, 28 Presbyterian, 19 Congregational, and 16 Episcopal.

....This city debt is now only some sixty-seven million dollars; but there seems good ground to hope that it will rise to one hundred millions during the life-time of Tweed and Sweeny.

....The *Nation* says: "It is safe to say that the working power of the male portion of the race is reduced by one-half, and that of women by three-fourths, through reckless modes of living." May we not add with quite as much truth that the intellectual and moral power of the race is reduced from one-half to three-fourths, according to sex, by reckless modes of talking, of which the above is a fine example?

....Mr. Greeley has come back from Texas, where he has not, he tells us, been visited by the cowardly Ku Klux, though he is thoroughly convinced that their outrages deserve the severest penalties of the law. But he also found thieving Northern demogogues, whom he thinks more mischievous, if possible, than the Ku Klux. We believe that Greeley's kindly speeches and the sight of his placid face will prove real peacemakers in the South.

....Now that the Connecticut senate has actually resigned its right to seats in Yale College Corporation we may expect the experiment to be tried of elections in that board by the alumni. It is not a bad idea, though we do not expect any such wonderful results from it as some enthusiastic young Yalensians predict.

Religious Intelligence.

THE London *Spectator* contains a hilarious account of a clerical contest in Bilston, Staffordshire. The living of St. Leonard's church in this town lies in the gift of the rate payers as a body; and after long sequestration it has fallen vacant. It is endowed chiefly in land, which has doubled in value since the last vacancy, and it is worth from £1,000 to £1,500 a year—being, in fact, one of the "prizes" of the Church. For this fat pastorate there is just now a most unseemly scramble on the part of several clergymen. By means of handbills, and, we are given to infer, by less reputable methods, these ministers are bidding for the votes of the taxpayers. One of these handbills presents the appeal of Rev. John P. Wilson, M. A., who "respectfully solicits the approbation and appointment of the ladies and gentlemen of Bilston as a clergyman, as a man of business habits, as a friend of the poor as well as of the rich, as one of large practical experience and still unflagging energy in every good cause." In another handbill, Rev. Edward Creswell Perry, M. A., pitches into his fellow candidates after the most approved "evangelical" fashion. He tells these worthy gentlemen that one of these rivals has been intriguing with their employers, and expresses his confidence "that the workingmen of Bilston will never consent to be driven, as so many sheep, by their employers to vote for Mr. Lee." Mr. Perry merely mentions, in closing, that if he is elected he will establish a fund of $10,000, the interest of which shall annually be paid to the poor of the parish. Another of these scrimmagers drops into poetry, of which the following are selected specimens:

> "Let Lee enchant
> With pious cant,
> For 'tis his nature to;
> And Wilson raise
> His own self-praise,
> Which no one else will do.
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> "Wilson may walk
> About and talk
> His hob upon the stage,
> His flowing locks
> And old Hancox
> Are quite behind the age.
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> "Make up your mind
> In Ward you'll find
> The vicar that we need,
> A man who'll work
> As well as preach
> For love of God, not greed."

This bit of current ecclesiastical history reveals the fact that the religious condition of some parishes in England is deplorable; and suggests also that "sweetness and light" are not the unfailing portion of all the clerical graduates of the English universities. If the Dissenters have any worse blackguards among them than these Masters of Arts, we should not like to hear of them.

....The effort of the Baptists and the Disciples in the State of Ohio to come to a better understanding, with a view to a permanent union, is meeting with encouraging success. It will be remembered that a deputation of the Disciples visited the last state convention of the Baptists, and were kindly received. The statement of belief which they presented to the convention was by many of the Baptists regarded as substantially in harmony with the faith held by themselves; while by some of the more cautious ones all action toward a closer affiliation of the two bodies was discouraged. A committee of representative men was, however, appointed by the convention to propose a formal reply to the overture of the Disciples. This reply presents a clear statement of the belief of the Baptists on points concerning which the two denominations have been supposed to differ. Respecting the Holy Spirit, they affirm his personality and deity and his direct agency, "differing from moral suasion" in the conversion of the sinner. With respect to regeneration and baptism they say: "We do not identify baptism with regeneration, or consider baptism in any sense the completion of the new birth. Rather must the new birth be completed before the believer has a right to be baptized." These and other supposed points of difference are fairly set forth. The address was courteously received by the Disciples at their late meeting, and the leading organ of that denomination, the *Christian Standard*, says of it:

"We will only say now that the spirit of their reply is altogether unobjectionable, their statement of differences makes the controversy between us quite narrow, and a single sentence will dispel some of these differences forever. They have presented some matters of real difference, however, which should be handled with great wisdom as well as with great faithfulness. We unhesitatingly express our conviction that, giving all due weight to these differences, there is no sufficient reason for continued alienation; and that when we all come to understand the true basis of Christian fellowship these differences will not prove insurmountable."

The Baptist papers outside the state treat the movement gingerly, and many of them are obviously skeptical as to its results. If these two great bodies of Christians only could be brought into one, it would be a most desirable consummation.

....The New York and Brooklyn Conference of Congregational Churches met last Thursday afternoon with the Congregational church in Newark. This conference, which was designed for the churches of this city and vicinity, bids fair to become Ecumenical; churches in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Greenwich and Stamford, in Connecticut, and in the far-off wilds of Jersey and Orange County, being among those regularly represented. The subject of the afternoon discussion was Christian Fellowship, which was interrupted, however, by the appointment and the report of a committee on the relation of the Congregational churches to the American and Foreign Christian Union. This report, which was presented by Drs. Thompson and H. M. Storrs, and Dwight Johnson, Esq., concludes as follows:

"The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has decided to prosecute with vigor the work in Roman Catholic countries, and other denominations represented in the 'Union' are more and more diverting their means and energies to missions of their own in the same countries. Meantime the Congregationalists have uniformly contributed a large proportion of the funds of the American and Foreign Christian Union, since the last year to fall one-half of its entire receipts from the churches. In this condition of things it is the judgment of this committee that the American and Foreign Christian Union should no longer be the channel of the contributions of Congregational churches, but that early measures be taken to provide an agency through which such churches can act efficiently and directly upon the field so wisely opened by providential Christian counsels. Your committee also recommend that a committee of seven be appointed to confer with Congregational ministers in other parts of the country for the adoption of some method of united action in the evangelization of nominally Christian lands."

This report was fully discussed and unanimously adopted. In the evening addresses were made on the religious needs of the country by Drs. Budington and Clapp. Between the two sessions the delegates (and company) sat down to a collation in the chapel. The attendance was larger than ever before, and the hospitality of the Newark church rendered the occasion a most delightful one.

....The *Orthodox Review*, the organ of the Orthodox Greek Church, published in Athens, announces its purpose to make church reform the subject of leading articles henceforward. The following headings in large type indicate its meaning: "1. The clergy must be educated and paid by the state. 2. The Gospel must be regularly preached in all the churches. 3. Public worship must be made more attractive, and especially must the church music be improved." The *Review* gives an account of a collision which has taken place between the Archbishop and the Society of Presbyters, whose organization we have recorded. The Archbishop denounced this society and commanded its dissolution, whereupon a large body of honorary lay members waited upon the prelate and endeavored to persuade him to recall his official order. The Presbyters offered, through this committee, to modify their organization, so that it should please the Archbishop, only asking to be permitted to maintain Sunday-schools and to raise a relief fund for their own benefit. The request was scornfully refused. The Archbishop would himself provide for the poor priests; and as for the Sunday-schools, he would none of them. On this the society determined to see whether there was any law except the will of the Archbishop, and they carried their appeal before the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. The most enlightened and influential men of the capital have taken the part of the parish priests, and the prospects are fair that his High Mightiness will be taught the Facts of his prerogative. The indictions of reform in the Greek Churches are very cheering.

....To the Yankee mind there could hardly be a clearer proof that the dogma of infallibility is absurd than is furnished by the following statements of the well-known German Professor Frohschammer:

"Scarcely anything has been condemned so decisively and positively by the Church as the lending out of money at

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lowing are selected

Thompson and H. M. Storrs, and Dwight Johnson, Esq., concludes as follows:

"The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has decided to prosecute with vigor the work in Roman Catholic countries, and other denominations represented in the 'Union' are more and more diverting their means and energies to missions of their own in the same countries. Meantime the Congregationalists have uniformly contributed a large proportion of the funds of the American and Foreign Christian Union, amounting last year to full one-half of its entire receipts from the churches. In this condition of things it is the judgment of this committee that the American and Foreign Christian Union should no longer be the channel of the contributions of Congregational churches, but that early measures be taken to provide an agency through which these churches can act efficiently and satisfactorily upon the field so wisely opened by noble Fifty Christian associations. Your committee also recommend that a deputation be appointed to confer with Congregationalists in other parts of the country for the adoption of some method of united action in the evangelization of nominally Christian lands."

This report was fully discussed and unanimously adopted. In the evening addresses were made on the religious needs of the country by Drs. Budington and Clapp. Between the two sessions the delegates (a great company) sat down to a collation in the church. The attendance was larger than ever before, and the hospitality of the Newark church rendered the occasion a most delightful one.

....The *Orthodox Review*, the organ of the Orthodox Greek Church, published in Athens, announces its purpose to make church reform the subject of leading articles henceforward. The following headings in large type indicate its meaning: "1. The clergy must be educated and paid by the state. 2. The Gospel must be regularly preached in all the churches. 3. Public worship must be made more attractive, and especially must the church music be improved." The *Review* gives an account of a collision which has taken place between the Archbishop and the Society of Presbyters, whose organization we have recorded. The Archbishop denounced this society and commanded its dissolution, whereupon a large body of honorary lay members waited upon the prelate and endeavored to persuade him to recall his official order. The Presbyters offered, through this committee, to modify their organization, so that it should please the Archbishop, only asking to be permitted to maintain Sunday-schools and to raise a relief fund for their own benefit. The request was scornfully refused. The Archbishop would himself provide for the poor priests; and as for the Sunday-schools, he would none of them. On this the society determined to see whether there was any law except the will of the Archbishop, and they carried their appeal before the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. The most enlightened and influential men of the capital have taken the part of the parish priests, and the prospects are fair that his High Mightiness will be taught the limits of his prerogative. The indications of reform in the Greek Church are very cheering.

....To the Yankee mind there could hardly be a clearer proof that the dogma of infallibility is absurd than is furnished by the following statements of the well-known German Professor Frohschammer:

"Scarcely anything has been condemned so decisively and positively by the Church as the lending out of money at interest. It was unconditionally forbidden to any one lending money to demand anything more than the restoration of the sum lent, whatever might be the object of the loan, or whether the persons between whom the transactions took place were poor or rich. The prohibition was maintained for centuries; the Dominican monk Daniel Concina quotes twenty-eight councils and seventeen popes who specifically condemned the lending of money at interest. Pope Benedict XIV, in his encyclical of 1745, made no distinction between interest and usury, but declared that all requirements in excess of the exact sum lent are expressly forbidden by the Divine law. The General Council of Vienne (1311), whose president was Pope Clement V, decided that any one who should declare that the lending of money at interest is permitted shall be punished as a heretic." "And now," proceeds Dr. Frohschammer, "let us see what the Pope and the Church think about this matter in our day. Not only do they not forbid the demand of interest, but the Popes have all profited by it, and Pius IX has even called upon the faithful to lend him money at interest, all former prohibitions notwithstanding. The Church, the popes, and the general councils have thus either shown that they were not infallible according to the testimony of the present Pope himself, or Pious IX shows that he is infallible by discarding the prohibition of his predecessors."

....Mr. Tyng having preached in Mr. Cheney's church, against the warning of Bishop Whitehouse, who notified him that participation with Mr. Cheney in the service would be regarded as violation of canonical law, the *Protestant Churchman* expresses the opinion that Bishop Whitehouse will complain of Mr. Tyng to Bishop Potter, and, if Bishop Potter declines for three months to bring Mr. Tyng to trial, Bishop Whitehouse will be authorized to institute proceedings against Mr. Tyng in his own diocese, which would undoubtedly result "in the degradation of Mr. Tyng from the ministry of the Church of God." It is said that Bishop Whitehouse will also immediately institute measures to secure the property of Christ church to the denomination—in other words, to steal it by the technicalities of law from the people who built it for themselves. In view of these and other facts, the *Protestant Churchman* says:

"It is becoming more and more probable that a revolution in the Church cannot be averted. We deplore it. We have labored and prayed against it. But, if one party in the Church is to crush out another under the forms of law, how can revolution be prevented?"

....Rev. Fergus Ferguson, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church in Dalkieth, Scotland, in trying to do his duty, has met with an obstruction. A parishioner of his by the name of Dodds (there he is again! Stubbs, Boggs, Begg, Dodds!) took Mr. Ferguson for a heretic, and accused him of heresy before his presbytery. The presbytery having vindicated the person against the charges of his parishioner, Dodds appealed to the synod, and the synod in turn quickly dismissed the appeal. A committee of the synod was, however, appointed to hold a friendly conference with Mr. Ferguson, and the committee reported him orthodox for substance of doctrine. The case has created considerable interest in Scotch ecclesiastical circles, owing to the reputation of Mr. Ferguson, who is evidently a growing man. His heresy is substantially that of George MacDonald.

....The later investigations seem to show that those frightful instruments of torture discovered in the Convent of Picpus, in Paris, including "straps and buckles," "steel collars," "iron corsets and skull-caps," and, worst of all, "a real rack, turned by cog-wheels," are just what the the nuns said they were, orthopædic instruments. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that "the corset, the skull-cap and the rack are, beyond doubt, instruments for the treatment of torticollis and spinal curvature, and would be recognized as such by the persons familiar with the antique methods of orthopædy."

....The undertakers of London have been holding a meeting to consider the question of Sunday funerals. Resolutions were passed in favor of the abolition of funerals on that day, with a view of putting a stop to the "indecorous and disreputable scenes" which take place on the roads to and from the metropolitan cemeteries, and of securing a day of rest for the undertakers' men. If some similar action were taken by undertakers in this country, it would be a mercy not only to the persons employed by them, but also to the ministers.

....Mr. Tyng, Junior, at the dedication of St. Paul's Episcopal church in this city, on Sunday last, made the following significant announcement:

"Let it be distinctly understood that this church will be free and independent, standing on the basis of the broadest sympathy with all those churches in its vicinity that hold to the common faith; and thus, while still clinging to our peculiar forms, which have come down to us from our fathers, we can extend a hand of welcome to all who worship in the name of the Saviour."

What will Bishop Potter say to that?

....The following are the religious statistics of Germany: Protestants, 24,253,018; of whom 20,473,000 belong to the old North German Confederation, 1,253,900 to Bavaria 1,200,320 to Wurtemburg, 558,560 to Hesse, 472,256 to Baden. Catholics, 14,551,651; of whom 7,880,000 are in Prussia, 3,176,400 in Bavaria, 933,476 in Baden, 583,695 in Wurtemburg. Jews and others, 1,327,330.

....The Calvary Baptist church in this city has done three sensible things, probably more. It has set apart by a formal vote several of its women to visit the sick and call upon strangers; it has appointed a regular monthly

sociable in the lecture-room; and it has a weekly musical rehearsal, open to all, but specially intended for the benefit of a large volunteer choir. The church has received unusually members during the year.

....The first constituent congress of the American and International Christian Moral Science Association, of which Dr. Cather is the founder, holds a three days' session in Philadelphia during this week, commencing to-day. The breakfast and dinner exercises will, no doubt, be very entertaining; and we must after the meeting is over somebody may be able to tell us what it is all about.

....Union meetings of great interest, under the direction of Rev. A. F. Graves, are in progress in Westerly, R. I., the result of which has been the conversion of about fifty persons.

News of the Week.

A COMPROMISE having been effected, whereby the Orleans Princes agreed to resign the seats in the Assembly to which they had been elected, in consideration of the abrogation of the decree of exile, the bill of abrogation was passed by that body by a vote of 434 yeas to 103 nays, and their election were declared valid by a vote of 448 yeas to 112 nays. On Friday the Prince de Joinville and Duc d'Aumale paid visits to President Thiers and several of the cabinet officers, at which interview they resigned their seats in the Assembly and disclaimed any intention of intriguing against the Republic. Subsequently the Princes declined the honor of a banquet which was tendered them by the partisans of the House of Orleans....The seat of Government will shortly be removed from Versailles to Paris. The *Official Journal* announces that the supplementary elections to fill vacancies in the Assembly will be held on the 2d of July. It is feared that there will be much intriguing in these elections on the part of the Bonapartists to have members elected from some of the districts favorable to the restoration of the Napoleonic *régime*.... It is reported that M. Favre has resigned his portfolio as minister for foreign affairs.... Commercial relations between France and Germany have been restored to the same footing as before the war.... The minister of finance has presented a bill to the Assembly making provision for a loan of 2,000,000 sterling, wherewith to pay off the war indemnity, in order to rid the country of the German troops....The Paris papers uphold the administration and policy of President Thiers, and affirm that monarchy and revolution are synonymous.... Paris is already crowded with returning citizens and strangers. The restoration of the public buildings has commenced. The estimated damage to the Louvre from the fighting and conflagration is 800,000,000 francs. It is announced that the Government will indemnify the owners of houses destroyed during the insurrection. All the sacred vessels and valuable ornaments taken from the churches by the Communists have, with a few exceptions, been discovered in the Mint and other places, and the deposits in the Bank of France are found to be uninjured.

....The past few weeks have been marked by heavy storms in various parts of the globe. We have accounts of tremendous hurricanes for Fiji Islands, in which the brig "Rokovoky," from San Francisco for Melbourne, foundered, with all on board....In New South Wales immense floods have devastated a large part of the colony, entailing heavy losses, the early wheat crop being almost entirely ruined....The weather is very cold and stormy for the season in Great Britain, and Birmingham, Eng., experienced on the 10th inst. the novel occurrence of a snow-storm of short's duration....A terrible storm prevailed in Texas for several days last week, and the city of Galveston was partially flooded to the depth of several feet. The railroad track was washed away for the distance of two miles, steamship "Alabama" and bark "Virginia Dare" were wrecked near Galveston, and many buildings were destroyed....The most fearful storm ever witnessed in Iowa passed over Iowa City and vicinity on the 9th inst. The rain and hail fell in torrents, attended by a heavy gale, which carried away the roofs of houses, barns, fruit and shade trees were uprooted, and great damage was done to the grain crop....A terrible tornado, attended by lightning, thunder, and rain, passed over the towns of Dutton, Holden, and West Boylston, Mass., on the 11th inst., demolishing every building in its track and tearing up trees by the roots, and in some cases carrying them, with a ton of earth attached, a distance of 30 rods. Several persons were badly injured in the storm.

....Johann Georg Kohl, the distinguished German author and traveler, died recently at Bremen, his native city. He traveled much in this country and wrote several works on subjects pertaining to this continent, among which were: "History of the Discovery of America." "History of and Commentary on Two Spanish Maps of the New World of the Time of Charles V," "History of the Discovery of Maine." "Travels in Canada," "Travels in the Northwestern Parts of the United States," "History of the Gulf Stream," and "Kitabi Gamis, or Tales from Lake Superior." He contributed to the Smithsonian Institute two treatises on the "Maps and Charts of the New World," and also wrote a supplemental volume to Hakluyt's descriptive catalogue of all maps, charts and surveys relating to America.

....Minister Nelson, in an official communication to the Mexican Government, says that he had received a communication from Rev. R. W. Shufeldt, dated at Minatitlan, April 19th, containing the gratifying intelligence that a practicable surface canal route had been discovered across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, by the surveying expedition under his command. This route begins at the mouth of Coatzacoalcos River on the north, passes through Tarifa at the summit, and terminates probably at Salina Cruz on the Pacific. The canal will be about 110 miles long, exclusive of rivers and lagoons utilized, and will require but 30 miles of length. The water will be taken from the Rio Corte, at a point where an abundant supply can be obtained at the proper elevation.

....The Italian Government has officially informed all the foreign ambassadors that the capital of Italy will be transferred to Rome on the 1st of July....The Chamber of Deputies has adopted the treaty of commerce with the United States.....A solemn high mass has been celebrated in Rome in behalf of the French priests assassinated by the Paris Communists.....The Pope has issued an encyclical letter calling on Roman Catholics throughout the world to give thanks to God on the occasion of his jubilee or the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the papal office.

....The latest accounts of the insurrection in Algeria represent the French dominion as in greater danger than ever before of being overthrown. The insurrection broke out simultaneously from Dellys to Fonduk, at Tizi Ouzou, at Aumale, and at Setif, being the important places bordering on the country of the Kabyles, who form almost one-half of the population of Algeria, and dwell in the mountains toward the Desert of Sahara. Thus it is probable that the numerous tribes of the interior, which can bring 100,000 armed men into the field, have joined their Kabyles.

....Gen. Thomas Jefferson Rodman, the eminent inventor of the heavy ordnance bearing his name, died a few days since. He was a graduate of West Point, and rendered very important service to the country in promoting the efficiency of the Ordnance Department during the late Rebellion. As a recognition of his zeal and ability the rank of General was conferred on him. Since the war he had charge of the Rock Island Arsenal, where he died. His funeral was attended from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, and Senator Logan delivered an eulogium.

....There having been no election of governor in New Hampshire by the people, the choice devolved on the legislature, which body, after being subjected to the various influences which the Democracy know so well how to bring to their aid on such occasions, has decided that the Democratic nominee shall occupy the gubernatorial chair for the ensuing year. There is a large majority in joint convention on the two houses to back him, of course, and in that state will go swimmingly, for one year, at least.

....The immense volumes of water poured into Lake Ponchartrain from the crevasses in the Mississippi levees had the effect to raise the level of the lake to such an extent that it flooded a large section of the city of New Orleans. Great suffering was caused to the inhabitants of the inundated district, and immense damage has been done to property. The water in the lake has again receded; but, with all the pumping appliances that can be brought into use, it will be several days before the overflow can be drained off.

....The coroner's jury in the case of the Chinaman who was recently stoned to death by boys in the streets of San Francisco rendered a verdict of "Death from cause unknown," and that in the face of the most positive testimony as to the manner of his murder. The press indignantly denounced the verdict. Two of the boys have been arrested and held to bail; but, inasmuch as Chinamen are not allowed to witness in the courts of California, they will probably escape punishment.

....The Brazilian Government has presented to the Chambers a bill for the emancipation of all slaves belonging to the Crown. Convict slaves also are to become free after seven years' imprisonment, their owners to be indemnified from the treasury. But the bill meets strong opposition in the Chambers.

....The government troops in Colombia have succeeded in quelling the insurrection in that country. In a recent battle, in which the troops numbered 1,000 and the insurgents 800, the former were completely victorious, inflicting great slaughter on the rebels and entirely disorganizing them.

....The Sultan of Turkey has presented the Czar of Russia with the Imperial Order of Osmanli. The speeches made on the occasion of the presentation fully confirm the belief that the relations of the two countries are excellent.

....The Emperor Alexander of Russia, attended by his son, Alexis, and a brilliant staff, visited Berlin on the 8th inst., and was received by the Emperor William with royal honors.

....A submarine cable has been laid and is in successful operation between Singapore and Hong Kong, thus placing the last named port in direct communication with London.

....Advices from Hong Kong state that the ship "Dolores Ugarte," from Macao for Callao, was burned at sea, and 600 Coolies perished in the flames.

....Jules Mirès, the great Paris banker, daring speculator, and founder of the Credit Foncier and General Railroad Bank, is dead.

....The Russians have brought their campaign against Khiva, in Central Asia, to a successful termination.

....Another destructive conflagration has laid in ashes some 220 houses in the city of Constantinople.

....AND RESOURCES OF MONTANA.

BY B. F. POTTS,
GOVERNOR OF MONTANA TERRITORY.

MIDWAY across the continent, between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean—in the heart of that New Northwest the extent, character, and resources of which the people are at last beginning to appreciate—embracing within its boundaries four parallels of latitude and no less than twelve degrees of longitude, lies the great Territory of Montana. The superficial area of this territory is extensive enough to make three states as large as New York, the Empire State of the East; and, as I have stated elsewhere, I believe it to be the richest region in agriculture and mineral resources on the entire American continent. There are at least fifty thousand square miles of tillable land within its limits; and this land, under a cheap and simple process of irrigation, is of unsurpassed fertility, yielding in the greatest abundance all varieties of the cereals. I have seen samples of wheat which yielded 80 bushels to the acre, and the average yield throughout the Territory, even with the very imperfect methods of cultivation which are in vogue here, is from forty to sixty-five bushels. This exceeds the yield of the famous wheat-fields of Minnesota, and is about four times as great as the average wheat crop of Ohio. Rye, oats, and barley produce enormously, and the yield of vegetables is simply without a parallel in the history of horticulture in America. The common yield of potatoes, for instance, is 400 bushels per acre.

Lands for grazing purposes, too, are of vast extent and of the best quality. Grasses as nutritious as sheaf-oats cover the hills and valleys and extend far up the mountain sides, affording pasturage for numberless herds of cattle and sheep during the entire year. The cattle alone now to be found in the territory number at least sixty thousand head, and so abundant are these grasses and so mild is our climate that no grain or hay is fed to them at all—they take care of themselves and keep fat all winter. Our meat markets are supplied with beef taken from among the different herds at all seasons of the year; and it is found to be of the fattest and sweetest, making delicious food, superior generally in quality and flavor to the grain fed stock of the states. Certainly no country can surpass this for grazing purposes; and there is none where, in the future, when the Northern Pacific Railroad has reached us, such fortunes are to be made in the business of raising stock for the market.

Of the mineral wealth of Montana all of the world has heard. It has been called "the silver spoon" which was in the nation's mouth when it was born; but, besides the silver, not less than twelve million dollars' worth of gold-dust was taken from the mines last season, and iron, copper, coal, and other minerals exist in exhaustless abundance.

I suppose, however, that the thing about our New Northwest which has most surprised the public is the genial character of its climate. Radically different as it may seem from the prevalent idea regarding it, it is nevertheless true that the climate of Montana, as a whole, is milder than that of New York, while the purity and dryness of the atmosphere makes the variations of temperature far less noticeable. The old theory that the further north we go the more severe the climate becomes is now generally exploded. It is understood, at last, that isothermal divisions, except in their larger aspects, are entirely independent of degrees of latitude; and the various explorers and topographers who have been sent out here by the Government have shown by instrumental tests that the temperature of Walla Walla, on the 46th degree of latitude, is the same as that of Washington City, on the 38th; that of Clark's Fork, in Montana, on the 48th, the same as that of St. Joseph's, Missouri, on the 41st; and that of the Bitter Root Valley, Missonea County, Montana, on the 46th, the same as that of Philadelphia, on the 41st.

The winters in this section are generally open and pleasant, as may be inferred from the fact of the cattle grazing without shelter all winter. The valleys are hardly ever covered with snow, and it is rare that the roads are not dry and passable for ten months in the year, except on the high mountains, where the snow falls to considerable depths. On the mountains, of course, as in mountainous regions everywhere, winter sometimes pinches hard; but even these are not the least attractive features of the territory. The elevation of the mountains, valleys, and plains of Montana above the level of the sea is from 2,000 to 4,000 feet less than that of Wyoming and Utah. This fact alone goes far to explain the milder climate and vastly greater productiveness of Montana.

How this great wealth, agricultural and mineral, is to be utilized and made to contribute its due share to the nation's commercial prosperity is a question not less important to the people at large than to the inhabitants of Montana itself; and in considering it I am brought to that great enterprise, the Northern Pacific Railroad, now building from east to west across our entire territory. This road will traverse our richest valleys, and furnish an outlet for the immense future surplus productions of the Territory. All that has heretofore been written about the superior land-grant of the Northern Pacific Railroad in Montana scarcely gives an adequate conception of the extent and true value of the grant. The company will receive twenty-five thousand six hundred acres of our best agricultural and grazing lands for every mile of road that is built—lands which not only possess all the advantages which I have mentioned, but are within easy reach of timber, and abound in fine building-stone of almost every variety and inexhaustible in quantity. I have no doubt that these lands will not only cancel the entire cost of building the railroad, but will leave a large surplus to the company.

The Northern Pacific Railroad is of immense importance to Montana. It will enable our stock-raisers to compete on favorable terms with those of Illinois and other states in the markets of the Eastern cities. A new impetus will be given to all our industries. Our mines will be developed, new ones will be opened, and those that produced twelve million dollars in gold last season will far exceed that sum annually. Our population, which according to last year's census amounts to nearly 25,000, will rapidly increase; the sixty-two cities and towns we now have will be doubled in number and quadrupled in size; and the public lands, now unoccupied, will be cultivated by actual settlers. Other prosperous states will spring up around us; and before we enter upon another century this great North west, now lying broad and inviting before the settler, will be contributing its rightful share toward the wealth, commerce, and general prosperity of the nation.

The enterprise which is opening this New Northwest is truly a great national work, and well deserves, as it receives, the encouragement, co-operation, and support alike of all who as Americans feel an interest in the country's progress or who as capitalists desire a liberal return upon investment.

Publisher's Department.

THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER MAIL which goes to any one firm in this country is received by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., the New York Advertising Agents. Their place of business is at No. 40 Park Row, New York.

INVESTING MONEY.

SPECIAL attention is invited to the advertisements in our columns of those bankers who offer first-class railroad bonds, etc., for sale. Many are now selling Governments and other stocks, and converting the proceeds into good *first mortgage* railroad bonds.

Our subscribers will please understand that they can send money, government bonds, or any kind of securities to this office, to be sold and the proceeds converted into any stocks or railroad bonds *advertised in* THE INDEPENDENT. No charge whatever will be made for our services. In most cases we can obtain a *better price* for securities to be thus exchanged than if sent direct to a broker or banker, besides saving broker's commission. This offer is made only to our subscribers, who oftentimes neglect to make investments simply because they fear to make a remittance to an unknown party. In all cases explicit directions must be given. Address HENRY C. BOWEN, Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT, 3 Park Place, New York.

THE ART OF ELECTRO-PLATING.

FEW persons have an adequate idea of the great improvements that have taken place in the last few years in the art of Electro-plating by the Meriden Britannia Company, of West Meriden, Conn. We recently had an opportunity of inspecting this vast establishment, which is probably the most extensive of its kind in the world. Every conceivable article of table or communion ware, and a great variety of articles of ornament, are manufactured and finished in such a manner as to almost deceive experts, when compared with goods made of solid silver. This company are the sole owners of many valuable patents, one of which is for depositing silver any requisite thickness on the parts of spoons and forks where most exposed to wear; also the celebrated Porcelain-lined Ice Pitchers, of which they are now making a specialty. The business of this establishment, the salesroom of which is at 199 Broadway, N. Y., is enormous. The yearly production is over $3,000,000, and is constantly increasing.

VIADUCT RAILWAY.

WE are glad to know that this improvement, so essential to the growth and expansion of our city, by affording quick and easy transit from one end of the Island to the other, is being inaugurated under the most advantageous auspices. The directors are composed of our best and most worthy citizens, headed by Mr. A. T. Stewart, who have not only subscribed liberally to the stock, but have entered upon the management of this great enterprise, solely to supply a needed want, and not for speculative purposes.

The character and business ability of such men as Messrs. Stewart, Astor, Belmont, Judge Hilton, etc., is a sufficient guaranty that all things pertaining to the direction of this enterprise will be managed upon principles of the strictest integrity and economy, and that the railway will be promptly built.

We are confident that the stock will be promptly taken.

A NEW WATER PIPE.

IN another column a Sanitary Water Pipe is advertised, and at 20 per cent. less in price than lead pipe.

In referring to the circular describing the article, we find that the metal of which the pipe is composed is similar to Britannia metal, a material well known to every housekeeper.

Its sanitary qualities are, therefore, above suspicion, and it is worthy of the attention of persons requiring a *safe* pipe for conducting water.

BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE.

WE call attention to the advertisement of the above very unique invention and most useful family machine.

With this machine the poor of all ages almost can make a livelihood, and those in comfortable circumstances find a pleasant and useful means of employing their leisure time.

PYLE'S O K SOAP the cheapest, because the driest, hardest, and best, and will so prove itself on trial. No other is so generally sold by the box to householders direct, who have proved its value. Pyle's Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Baking Soda are also celebrated, throughout the New England and Middle States, for purity and utility.

Sold by grocers everywhere.

JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,
350 Washington Street, New York

A DAGUERREOTYPE or card can be enlarged to a life-sized portrait by ROCKWOOD & Co., 845 Broadway

KNICKERBOCKER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THIS well-known institution, one of the oldest of its character in the country, has been put into the crucible of George W. Miller, Esq., "Superintendent Insurance Department of the State of New York," and, after submission to every modern test applied by this well-known master, has come out like gold seven times purified. Mr. Miller says the company "has honorably and promptly met and discharged all legitimate claims," and that (mark his words), "in view of all the facts disclosed, I feel warranted in saying that the company is entitled to public confidence."

We are not surprised at this endorsement. Indeed, we should have been greatly surprised at any other or different result. We have been a policy-holder in the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company for a good many years, have always considered it "entitled to public confidence," and have always believed it a fair and "honorable" corporation. Thousands and tens of thousands all over the land agree with us in this opinion. We do not, however, believe the company to be infallible. Very likely it has made mistakes. What old institution or any individual "entitled to public confidence" has not? It has worked hard to earn its "honorable" position. Its officers and directors are men, we believe, who mean to do right, who mean to earn and keep an "honorable" record—such a record as will convince all sound, conservative men that the institution committed to their charge is always "entitled to public confidence."

Mr. Miller, the able Superintendent of Insurance, is a man who understands his business. He is firm, respectful, and means to be perfectly just in all his examinations—just to the institution and just to the public so deeply interested. He asks no favors and fears no difficulties, and when he pronounces any institution "entitled to public confidence" it means something—whether the language used is spoken in English, French, German, or Chinese. He has given the Knickerbocker the benefit of a thorough, careful, and searching investigation, and he publishes the result over his own signature. All sorts of stories had been set afloat prejudicial to the company. But be it understood they came almost entirely from ex-policyholders or from men who had either neglected or refused to keep their contracts by paying promptly their premiums as they became due. These dissatisfied parties would like all the benefits fairly due to prompt-paying, contract-keeping people, and none of the dishonor always attached to those who disregard or fail to fulfill their business obligations.

If the Knickerbocker should change its course, and allow policyholders to pay or claims upon policies since its organization amounting to $3,881,849.86, besides dividends paid to policyholders amounting to $995,424.35.

In view of all the facts disclosed, I feel warranted in saying that the Company is entitled to public confidence.

GEORGE W. MILLER,
Superintendent Insurance Department State of New York.

THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, published by GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York, contains a full and complete statement of all facts about newspapers which an advertiser desires to know. The subscription price is five dollars.

FOR MOTH-PATCHES, FRECKLES, and Tan use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable and harmless. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York.

MARRIED.

FOUR—GERMAN.—On the 8th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Cohoes Falls, N. Y., by Rev. R. H. Fowler, D.D., of Troy, Rev. J. F. Ford, of Lewiston, Me., to Miss Minnie Germain. No cards.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

DECKER BROS.,
PIANO MANUFACTURERS,
33 Union Square, (BROADWAY),
between 16th and 17th streets,
NEW YORK.

A Great Offer. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, during THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

Nicol & Davidson,
686 BROADWAY,
SUCCESSORS TO E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
offer at great BARGAINS their entire stock (now open ing) of 600 packages FRENCH CHINA, GLASSWARE, and ENGLISH STONE CHINA. Complete English Dinner Sets, $25; French China Dinner Sets, $22; Decorated Dinner Sets, $20; Tea Sets, $12; Breakfast Sets, 45 pieces, $12; Decorated Toilet Sets, $5.50; White Toilet Sets, $2.50 and $4.50; Goblets, $1.25 dozen. Sets made to order, with crests, monograms or initials. Goods delivered free in the city or suburbs.

Nicol & Davidson,
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SUCCESSORS TO E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
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STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBIA, S. C., June 14, 1871.

THE interest maturing July 1st, 1871, upon the bonds of the State of South Carolina will be paid in gold on and after July 1st, at the banking-house of H. H. Kimpton, Financial Agent of the State, No. 9 Nassau street, New York, and at the South Carolina Bank and Trust Co., in Columbia.

The interest maturing upon Registered Stock at that time will be paid at the Treasury Office only.

NILES G. PARKER,
State Treasurer.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBIA, S. C., June 14, 1871.

THE bonds of the state, amounting to two hundred thousand dollars, maturing July 1st, 1871, will be paid, on and after maturity, upon presentation at the banking-house of H. H. Kimpton, Financial Agent, No. 9 Nassau street, New York, and at the Treasury Office in Columbia.

NILES G. PARKER,
State Treasurer.

FIRST MORTGAGE
GOLD BONDS
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Two Railroad Companies
COMBINED, HAVING A PAID-UP CAPITAL OF
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CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR
EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
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SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
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HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
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COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,
The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.
Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
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FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all of the other Fever, Bilious, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PIL

The Independent.

RISE AND FALL OF THE SLAVE POWER IN AMERICA.*

BY HON. HENRY WILSON.

No. XLIII.

CALHOUN'S RESOLUTIONS—ATHERTON'S RESOLUTIONS FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE RIGHT OF PETITION AND THE FREEDOM OF DEBATE.

THE zeal and activity of the early Abolitionists, the evident impression they had first made upon the public conscience and reason, the rapidly increasing indications manifested by the press, state legislatures, and even by Congress, that anti-slavery ideas were spreading and gaining a stronger hold upon the popular mind and heart, gave no little concern to the champions of the slave power. Their unsuccessful attempts to secure penal enactments from Northern legislatures against the advocates of freedom for the repression of free discussion, and their organized efforts in behalf of emancipation, and the failure of riots and mobs to awe or subdue the rising spirit of liberty, impelled them to renewed activity at Washington to secure, if possible, the enunciation of principles and the adoption of measures by the General Government which they had failed to extort from the state legislatures.

Animated by this purpose, Mr. Calhoun, the ever-watchful advocate and guardian of slavery, was quick to detect the apparent drift of things and scent the danger from afar. With a mind of extraordinary acuteness, he drew conclusions from premises however furnished, whether by the principles of his own false philosophy, the concessions of the Constitution, or these popular demonstrations of the Northern States; and, at the same time, exhibited the spectacle of a strong and downright man, profoundly in the wrong, seeking boldly and without equivocation, on the arena of debate and legislation, ends others were pursuing by menace, violence, or indirection.

In December, 1837, he introduced a series of resolutions defining the relative powers of the general and state governments upon the subject. The first form referred to slavery in the states, and the fifth referred to it in the territories and the District of Columbia. The latter emphatically declared that the intermeddling of any state or any of its citizens to abolish slavery in the District, or in any of the territories, on the ground or under the pretext that it was "immoral or sinful," would be a "direct and dangerous attack on the institutions of all the slaveholding states." The resolutions did not deny the power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District, or any of the territories; but simply denounced its exercise. Even Mr. Calhoun himself at that time did not defend or hold the dogma that Congress had no power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia or in the territories.

Early in January, 1838, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the resolutions. As ever, the North furnished its usual quota of recreants, who, not content with withholding their support, fought actively and openly against it.

Mr. Norville, of Michigan, desired to amend the first resolution, and proceeded to denounce the Abolitionists. He asserted that, under the pretext of its being a religious duty to extirpate slavery, "the incendiary leaders of Abolitionism, in their fanatical exertions, will throw back for fifty years every hope of emancipation. Their humanity only rivets the chains of slavery still tighter."

Mr. Calhoun was willing to make any concession to the opponents of the doctrines of Abolitionism. Mr. Hubbard, of New Hampshire, declared that the adoption of Mr. Calhoun's resolution would tend to allay the spirit of Abolitionism in the North.

On the other hand, it was moved, by Mr. Smith, of Indiana, to amend the resolutions, so that nothing contained in them should be construed as expressing an opinion adverse to the sentiment that all men are created equal, and to the freedom of speech and the press, and to the preservation of the Union. Referring to the remarks made relating to the punishment of Abolitionists, Mr. Morris, of Ohio, said he considered such avowals as subversive of all freedom and inimical to the institutions of the country. All men had an imprescriptible right, above all government, to freedom of speech and the right of petition. He felt bound to declare that he would "defend the rights of freedom of opinion, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press to the latest breath I may draw."

Mr. Wall, of New Jersey, questioned the right of the Senate to sit making creeds and drawing up abstract constitutional codes for the people. Mr. Young, of Illinois, advocated the resolutions as they were, and comforted Mr. Calhoun with the assertion that in his state they set down as an Abolitionist all who signed an Abolition memorial. It was proclaimed by Mr. Lumpkin, of Georgia, that, if the wisdom of their friends in the nonslaveholding states could not devise ways to stay the fury of the Abolitionists, the slaveholding states must depend upon themselves. They must execute their laws, and punish the Abolitionists in the most exemplary manner.

The Senate, on motion of Mr. Allen, of Ohio, modified Mr. Smith's amendment so as to declare that nothing in the resolutions was intended to recognize the right of Congress to impair the freedom of speech within the states. Mr. Smith further opposed the resolutions, saying he would extend to the South the full force of their constitutional guaranties in the protection of their domestic institutions as they now are. He wished the senators representing that interest to understand distinctly that he would "cavil on the ninth part of a hair on any question going to extend the principles or boundary of slavery one inch." Mr. Benton thought the resolutions should be referred to a select committee, to report at a future day. Mr. Calhoun said they were reposing on a volcano; that his resolutions presented the only ground on which the country can stand. "The assaults daily made on the institutions of nearly one-half of the states of the Union by the other will and must, if continued, make two people of one by destroying every sympathy between the two great sections." It was proposed by Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, to discard the words "immoral and sinful"; but Mr. Calhoun would not consent to do so, declaring Abolitionism to be "nothing else than religious fanaticism." "The Abolitionists," he said, "assail slavery because it is wicked and sinful, and I wish to meet them distinctly on that point." Mr. Buchanan was in favor of referring the resolutions to a select committee. He, too, declared that the Abolitionists had postponed the cause of emancipation in three or four of the states for half a century. He opposed emancipation in the District, and said, if it were free it would become a city of refuge to the Abolitionists—a secure asylum, where they could scatter "arrows, firebrands, and death." Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, remarked that the worst that could be said of the Abolitionists by their bitterest enemies is what is actually said. They are deluded, misguided philanthropists, fanatics, heated with an unbecoming zeal. Opprobrious epithets had been applied to them; but no one affirmed that they aimed at disunion, or imputed to them corrupt purposes. He said the slave interest held the destinies of the Republic in its hands; that it ruled, guided, and adopted public policy to its own views. Mr. Miles, of Connecticut, affirmed, if the Abolition party should prevail, and Abolition principles should triumph, there would follow reproaches, criminations and recriminations, agitation, alarm, and confusion, and real or supposed aggressions be offered and repelled; but the Union would stand. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, thought he saw disunion in the resolutions, and he moved to strike out "the several states," and insert "the people of the United States." Mr. Pierce, of New Hampshire, said there were indications in New England of a change of public sentiment, and he feared the elements of still greater changes were in active operation. The Abolitionists proper were not gaining ground; but politics were beginning to mingle with that question. The Abolitionists were making it a test; and he saw, with profound regret, that individuals of both parties were submitting to their catechism. Mr. Crittenden pronounced the resolutions vague "and general abstractions, more calculated to produce agitation than to do good."

Mr. Clay had little confidence in the healing virtues of the resolutions. They had been offered to revise and rally the States Rights party; but he thought the slaveholding states ought not to place their interests in the exclusive keeping of any one party. He submitted a series of resolutions as an amendment. So much of Mr. Clay's resolutions as referred to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia were adopted, in lieu of Mr. Calhoun's. They did not deny the constitutional power of Congress to abolish slavery in the District, or prohibit it in the territories; but based all opposition thereto on the expediency of such legislation at that time. It was during this debate, which excited at that time little attention, but the importance of which was afterward seen, that Mr. Calhoun admitted that he had been, in 1820, in favor of the Missouri Compromise, and had censured Mr. Randolph for his opposition. But he had been taught his error, he said, and he took pleasure in acknowledging it.

Although the domestic slave-trade was actively prosecuted in the District of Columbia, and scenes continued to be enacted there dishonoring a Christian people and outraging alike their sense of justice and their national pride, still the inexorable slave power persistently demanded that their prayers should remain unheeded and that the voices of their representatives should not be heard.

The second session of the Twenty-fifth Congress commenced in December, 1838. A caucus of the Democratic party was immediately holden to decide the course to be pursued upon the vexed and threatening question. A series of resolutions were drawn up, and Mr. Atherton, of New Hampshire, was selected to present them to the House. Being presented, the previous question on their adoption was ordered. A separate vote on each resolution being ordered, the first, declaring that Congress had no power over slavery in the states, was adopted by a vote of 194 to 6. In this small minority was Mr. Adams, who held, in case of war, that the government would have power to abolish slavery, in order that the nation might be saved; a doctrine abundantly verified and illustrated by recent events.

The second resolution, declaring that petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District were intended indirectly to destroy it in the states, was agreed to by a vote of 136 to 65. The last resolution, requiring that "every petition, memorial, resolution, proposition, or paper touching or relating in any way, or to any extent whatever, to slavery or the abolition thereof, shall, on presentation, without any further action thereon, be laid upon the table, without being debated, printed, or referred," was adopted by a vote of 136 to 73. This resolution was known as the "Atherton gag"; though it was suspected that he was but the hand, while Mr. Calhoun was the brain.

The members who had voted against this suppression of the freedom of debate and the right of petition being nearly all of them Northern Whigs, their action enabled the Southern Democrats to question the fidelity of Southern Whigs to the slaveholding interests. Consequently, many Southern Whigs were anxious to have it appear that they were more devoted to these interests than their Democratic rivals. Henry A. Wise, then in full fellowship with the Whig party, made most earnest efforts to reassure its Southern wing of the fidelity of the national party. Among other extreme propositions were those declaring that petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District or in the territories "were in violation of the Federal Constitution"; and that slaveholding citizens had the right to take their slaves voluntarily to and through non-slaveholding states, and to "sojourn and remain with them temporarily in any of the states." Mr. Slade, of Vermont, made an unsuccessful effort to introduce a series of resolutions rescinding a portion of those introduced by Mr. Atherton.

During this session of Congress a Maryland slaveholder, mounted on horseback, armed with pistols, and bearing the plantation whip, marched by the Capitol about thirty men, in double files, each fastened by the wrist to a long chain, passing between them from front to rear. Then followed several women, in the same order, but without the chain. This sad and mournful procession, illustrating the revolting barbarism of the slave traffic in the nation's capital, was shielded by the Democratic party and the Southern Whigs, not only from unfriendly legislation, but also from the criticisms of the humane and just. Mr. Slade submitted a resolution reciting the facts of the disgraceful spectacle, and proposing a committee to report what legislation might be necessary to prevent the recurrence of such scenes. But the Speaker promptly decided that the resolutions came within the restrictions of the "Atherton gag." While a scene of this character could not be discussed or even inquired into, a petition of the mayor of Washington and other individuals against the reception of anti-slavery petitions was presented by Mr. Moore, of New York, a representative of what was then called the "subterranean Democracy," and he was permitted to speak at length in denunciation of the Whigs as Abolitionists. He characterized the Whig party as the Federal party; saying that it had joined the Abolitionists for the purpose of conferring on the black laborer nominal freedom, and on the white laborer virtual bondage.

Early in 1839 Mr. Clay presented petitions from citizens of the District of Columbia praying Congress to suppress all agitation in that body touching slavery and the slave trade in the District. Appealing to the Searcher of all hearts that every pulsation of his heart beat high in the cause of civil liberty, Mr. Clay denied that Congress had the authority to prohibit the removal of slaves from one slave state to another slave state. He emphatically declared that "that is property which the law declares to be property," that "two hundred years of legislation have sanctioned and sanctified negro slaves as property." Mr. Clay was the acknowledged leader of the Whig party, an aspirant for the Presidency, with hosts of devoted friends anxious for his elevation to that exalted position. During the first years of his political life he had been in favor of making Kentucky a free state; and, though he had rendered great service to the slaveholding interest, it was thought by ardent friends that these early views and his broad and national spirit would be a source of weakness in the then excited state of Southern sentiment and feeling. Whether Mr. Clay acted from his own impulses or by the advice of friends in throwing the weight of his acknowledged influence into the scale in favor of slavery and the slave power, he clearly committed a great political blunder. His speech, highly complimented by Mr. Calhoun, gave great offense to anti-slavery men, and was deeply regretted by the Quakers and thousands of the Whig party, in whose bosoms still lingered the hope, even in those days of its supremacy, that the slave power would yet be broken and its paralyzing and perilous influence pass away.

Two days afterward, Mr. Morris, a Democratic senator from Ohio, on presenting memorials against slavery and the slave trade, defended the Abolitionists from the criticisms of Mr. Clay, and denounced the treatment their petitions for the exercise of a clear constitutional power had received in the Senate. He made an elaborate speech, closing with the declaration that "the negro will yet be set free." He reminded the Senate that he had been condemned at home for his opposition then, alone and single handed to slavery; but he hoped, on returning to that home, to join his friends in rekindling the beacon-fires of liberty on every hill.

In the same body Mr. Prentiss, of Vermont, presented the resolutions of the legislature of that state in favor of abolishing slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia and in the territories, and also in opposition to the annexation of Texas. On making the usual motion to print them, Mr. Calhoun declared his astonishment that the people of Vermont did not see that their action struck at the very foundation of the Union. Other senators assailing the action of the state, the Senate, on the motion of Mr. Lumpkin, of Georgia, laid the motion to print the resolutions of state legislatures on the table; and this insult offered to Vermont for her early and unequivocal declarations for freedom was designed and meant to be significant.

The XXVIth Congress met in December, 1839. The organization of the House was delayed for several days, when it was effected by the election of Mr. R. M. P. Hunter, of Virginia, for Speaker. Mr. Hunter was a follower of Mr. Calhoun and was elected by the Whig party. On the 30th of December Mr. Wise introduced a resolution declaring that any petition for the abolition of slavery should be considered as objected to, and the question of its reception should be laid upon the table without debate. The motion to suspend the rules to receive the resolution failing, notice was given by Mr. Wise that he should object to the reception of petitions, and move to lay the question of reception on the table. Mr. Rice Garland, of Louisiana, moved to suspend the rules, to allow him to present resolutions declaring that the abolition of slavery in the District would be a violation of the plighted faith of the nation, and that abolition petitions should not be considered; but his motion was not sustained by the House. Mr. Wise the next day made an unavailing effort to introduce his resolutions. Similar efforts were made by other members, but without success.

In January, 1840, Mr. Thompson, of South Carolina, introduced a resolution that all papers touching slavery should be laid on the table without being read or debated. He closed his speech in its behalf by moving the previous question. Mr. Francis Granger, of New York, expressed his admiration of the chivalry of the gentleman who would thus cut off all reply.

The motion for the previous question being withdrawn, Mr. Granger vindicated the right of petition, and warned Southern members that, if they continued to deny that right, they would find enlisted under the banner of Abolitionism gallant spirits of the North, who would never yield. Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee, would vote against Mr. Thompson's resolution, and for the resolution of Mr. Chinn, of Louisiana, for a select committee the next day. Mr. Cooper, of Georgia, said that his state would act for herself, and resort to measures within her own power to put an end to Abolition petitions. Mr. Botts, of Virginia, a new member and a Whig of enlarged and national views, advocated the reception and reference of Abolition petitions. Mr. Slade defined and vindicated the principles of the opponents of slavery; and Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, expressed the belief that slavery was defensible from Scripture, and that it was a blessing.

It was then moved by Mr. Adams, as an amendment of the 21st rule of the House, that every petition presented be received, unless objection to it be made for a special reason; and that, whenever objection should be made, the name of the member making it and the reasons therefor be entered on the journal, so that the question would then be: "Shall the petition be rejected?" Mr. Adams spoke earnestly in favor of the reception of the anti-slavery petitions, although he did not believe, he said, that there were ten members who would vote for the abolition of slavery in the District. He declaimed that he was not himself prepared to vote for it, and had so stated at a previous session. The debate was continued several days, when Wm. Cost Johnson, a Whig member, of Maryland, moved to amend Mr. Adams's amendment, so that no paper praying for the abolition of slavery in the District, or in the territories, or of the slave trade, should be entertained by the House in any way whatever. This was agreed to, and the amendment as then amended was adopted.

FROM NASSAU STREET TO THE NEOSHO VALLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

GENERAL SMITH is the patriarch of Sedalia, and an exceedingly interesting person to know. We fear there are too few like him for him to be taken as the representative of a class. A tall, burly, square-shouldered figure, with a prominent nose, a broad, good-natured mouth, thick, bushy eyebrows, a grizzly beard, and a fine, broad forehead. Very liberal of tobacco juice, and not in the least particular about his dress, he is yet a figure to command respect. He calls himself a Massachusetts man, and has a great respect for Yankees; but he never set foot in a Northern state before the war, and has not yet been in New England, but he promises to visit Boston this summer. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he owned thirty-five negroes, whom he set free, and joined the cause of the Union, acting in some military capacity, and narrowly escaping martyrdom at the hands of his neighbors, who erected a gallows upon which they sentenced him to be hung. He has spent most of his life in Missouri; but he was born in Kentucky, and his father was an emigrant from Virginia. He was the only Republican we found in Sedalia.

The principal offices of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company are in Sedalia; and Mr. R. S. Stevens, formerly of Lawrence, Kansas, the general manager of the road, has his office here. What struck us forcibly was the remarkable character of every one of the officers of the company, who appeared to have been selected with special regard to their intelligence and fine physical qualifications. Perhaps a better indication of the spirit of the people of this rapidly-growing town could not be furnished than the fact that they subscribed two hundred thousand dollars toward building the State Normal School, to be erected here. This is in addition to a very handsome brick schoolhouse which they have already built. But the settlers of the Neosho Valley exhibit a most praiseworthy fondness for schoolhouses, the finest and largest buildings in every one of the towns being appropriated to educational purposes.

But we must hurry off from Sedalia; and, taking with us Colonel Jones, cashier of the First National Bank, Mr. Barrett, one of the most prominent citizens, an emigrant from Washington County, New York, and the accomplished geologist, Professor Wilber, of Illinois, who is prospecting for coal-fields, which are very abundant in this part of Missouri, we start again for the land of Thule, across Kansas, and into the Indian Territory.

Now we are on our own road, with a stately train of six magnificent palace-cars and a pilot engine to keep the track clear and prevent accidents. The weather is charming; and, as we rapidly unroll the beautiful valley like a panorama, the scenes as they pass are enchanting. The loveliness of the prairies increases as we advance, and as we leave the traces of civilization behind us the country becomes more and more enticing, and exclamations of delight break forth involuntarily. There are no blotches upon the landscape—no log huts, no straggling fences, no signs of decay, no poverty, no evidences of suffering anywhere; no jails, no alms-houses, no graveyards, no distress. Everything is bright, fresh, new, vigorous, and thrifty. There are new towns springing up, and even the farm-houses and barns of the settlers have an air of elegance and exhibit a refined architectual taste in their forms. Mansard roofs are common; and we bring with us the luxurious refinements of the Great Metropolis right into the heart of the savage wilderness; which, by the way, has no more a look of a wilderness than the broad lawns in Central Park.

We stop while lunching at an improvised station, and a rough looking settler looks into the window of the dining-room car, and, seeing some one fill a glass of champagne, he calls out to a companion, "Come here, Bill, and see what these fellows have got bilin' up in them 'ere glasses." In the old Border States civilization advanced very slowly in a covered wagon, and brought few of the comforts and none of the refinements and elegancies of society. But here, in this outer verge of the world, civilization travels in a Pullman palace-car, and brings along into the "raw peraries" its latest inventions and discoveries in the science of society.

After passing Appleton City, Rockville, Schell City, Walker, and Nevada City, we arrive at Fort Scott, an old town with a history, with six thousand inhabitants, and far enough advanced to be able to boast of gas-lamps, a daily newspaper, and dirty streets. It is an old military post, and was laid out as a town in 1857. The coal crops out of the ground in all directions, and near the town there is a burning spring, which sends up a jet of flame as large as a flour-barrel. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road is here crossed by the Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad, running from Kansas City to Baxter Springs. Some of the notabilities of the town join our party; and among them we are glad to meet Mr. D. W. Wilder, the editor of the Fort Scott *Daily Monitor*. He is a Massachusetts man, and has been six or seven years in Kansas.

We next pass through a lovely belt of prairie land, known as the "Joy Purchase," and a few years ago the scene of a turbulent struggle between the purchaser of the land and the free-trading settlers, who contested his right.

The Osage Mission, where we stop next, is a town of some twelve hundred inhabitants, and has been a Roman Catholic missionary station for thirty years.

Here we come into the Neosho Valley proper, and arrive at Parsons City at dark, where we halt for the night. Parsons City is a flourishing town, named in honor of the president of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Road, and dates back its history to quite a remote period. The first house in it was built but two months since, and it has already two large hotels, in one of which we found three brilliard tables. It has a weekly newspaper, the *Parsons Sun*, and houses, stores, and churches are springing up with marvelous rapidity. Parsons City has a future to boast of, for it is laid out at the junction of two important railroads, is the starting-point of three lines of stages, and is to be the location of the machine-shops and depot of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

We do not linger at Parsons longer than is necessary, and rush forward to the terminus of our road, the country improving in appearance as we go and its loveliness growing lovelier. We cross the Great and the Little Labette rivers, on one of which stands the flourishing town of Oswego, the county seat of Labette County. As we approach the Indian Territory the settlements are more infrequent, houses become rare, and the virgin prairie appears in all its pristine glory. Just on the verge of the Territory, beyond which white men are not permitted to settle, we come to the town of Chetopa, an Indian settlement of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, half a dozen churches, and a steam flouring mill. It is but two miles from the Cherokee Country; and on a gentle eminence, overlooking the fairest and most fertile prairie lands the sun shines upon, is a grove of trees, in the midst of which is a pleasant-looking house, once the home of the half-breed Colonel Boudinot, and of Andy Johnson's and Senator Ross's friend, Perry Fuller, who became renowned as collector of New Orleans.

We rush forward into the Indian Territory, and stop at Big Cabin Creek, two hundred and ten miles from Sedalia, and can proceed no further, except on foot, for this is the end of the road. And now we begin to discover why the road has been built, and what it is intended to accomplish. As a purely sensuous enjoyment we should say it had accomplished a sufficient purpose in bringing us into this lovely Arcadia, where there is not an object to mar the unsurpassable beauty of a sylvan scene that no words can fitly describe. Our British companion is reminded by it of "a nobleman's seat on the banks of the Thames"—that being an Englishman's ideal of an earthly paradise. But, if any spot in any part of England ever resembled this virgin prairie, with the soft opaline sky bending over it, the golden sunshine lighting up its brilliant flowers, and the dark belt of evergreens which tuft the gentle eminences in the distance, and make so bright a contrast to the emerald green turf, it must have been long before the Roman invasion, and when coal smoke was unknown in British landscapes.

Jumping down from the cars, we ran forward to where the workmen were spiking down the rails at the rate of a mile a day. We were far away from telegraph wires; but laborers were busily at work boring holes in the virgin soil for the insertion of poles, and the next day, probably, the Western Union had their operatives at work sending messages to New York from Big Cabin Creek. For wherever there is a rail laid there is a telegraph pole standing sentry over it, to report whatever may happen.

The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road has now penetrated about fifty miles into the Cherokee Territory, and will reach the Red River about the first of January; from thence it is intended to extend it to Camargo, in Mexico, and down through Texas to the Gulf, at Galveston. The region of fertile territory which will be opened to a direct railway communication with St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York, will lead to commercial results of incalculable advantage to the East, the West, and the Gulf States. But it will be a considerable time before this great work can be completed. The immediate benefits of the road will be the cheap and rapid transit it will offer for the cattle and cotton of Western Texas to the East. Extensive preparations have been made at the principal depots on the route for cattle-pens and grazing grounds, and it will not be a great while before New Yorkers will get cheaper beef through the facilities opened by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road for transportation.

We see here how much is done for the improvement of the country, and toward developing its vast resources, by individual enterprise and energy, and how little by the Government. Here, for example, is this vast tract of fertile country, sufficient for the maintenance of millions of people, set apart for the sole use of a few vagabond Indians, who are incapable of enjoying its wealth or developing its resources. It lies between the rapidly-growing states of Kansas and Texas, and blocks the way of advancing civilization. It has been well said that it would be better economy for our Government to board all the Cherokee Indians at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and allow each of them a thousand dollars a year for pocket-money, than to shut them up in this territory, and prevent white men from occupying the soil. There is a fine example of the morbid sentimentalism of our Indian policy in the Kaw reservation in Kansas, where a hundred and fifty handsome stone cottages, with glazed windows, "and replete with all the modern improvements," as the real-estate agents say, were erected by our Government for the remnant of aboriginal Kaws in that state. But the Kaws do not fancy "living cottagely," as Bishop Berkeley says; so they took possession of the nice cottages built for them, took out the windows and exchanged them for whiskey, burnt the doors, and built wigwams for themselves alongside of their stone mansions. The Kaw is a very picturesque vagabond racing on his wild pony, and his squaw is an ornament to the landscape when she sits at the entrance of her wigwam wrapped in a scarlet blanket; but they have too keen an instinct of the proprieties of savage life to permit the Government to shut them up in limestone cottages.

There being no notices stuck up anywhere requesting visitors not to walk on the grass, or to beware of the penalty of gathering the flowers, we made huge nosegays of the wild verbenas and other prairie flowers, for the temptation to pluck them was irresistible: but we had no use for them after we had gathered them.

We left the Indian Territory with regret; and every one felt how important and it was not only to the interests of Kansas and Texas that this region should be put under a territorial government, and opened to the spreading tide of emigration, but to the interests of all the other states west of the Mississippi, and to the City of New York. The lands belonging to the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Company in the Territory, amounting to 3,100,000 acres, and lying along the road, cannot be occupied by settlers until the Indian occupancy shall be terminated and a territorial government formed.

It was like returning to old friends when we got back to Sedalia, and the town seemed to have grown and improved during our absence. We remained long enough to enjoy the hospitalities of Col. Jaynes's fine residence on Broadway, and to enable some members of our party to organize a coal company, with half a million of dollars capital; and then started on our return East, over the Neosho division of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road, to Junction City, where Mr. J. B. Dickinson, one of our party and a director of the road, left us to take passage for San Francisco, over the Kansas and Pacific Road.

The route through Kansas was by no means the least interesting part of the journey. Nearly every town we passed through called up reminiscences of the border wars, and of the times when Kansas was never mentioned apart from its "bleeding." But the days of its bleeding are all over; and it is now everywhere peaceful and prosperous, and border ruffians are as uncommon as buffaloes. The people everywhere have a mania for schoolhouses. At Emporia, the junction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads, there is a state normal school, with three hundred pupils. We met a farmer here who said he had lived in Kansas seventeen years, and liked it better than any other part of the world. "And why?" we asked.

"Why?" exclaimed the farmer, with a look of reproach at such an absurd question—"why? Because it is God Almighty's country."

There was no room for argument in such a case as this.

At Topeka, the capital of Kansas, and still in a very raw and unfinished condition, we crossed the river in omnibuses, and took a survey of the ambitious city, which has a Fifth Avenue, and a large hotel of the same name. A much finer and better situated town is Lawrence, which has fully recovered from the effects of Quantrell's raid, and, with its stately university building and its normal school, is the finest town west of St. Louis.

We arrived at St. Louis on the evening of the 24th, and left on the 26th for Chicago, over the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Road, in a special train, and under the immediate charge of the president and superintendent of the road. We had the road to ourselves, a special order having been delivered for all trains, passenger and freight, to keep out of the way; and section men and station agents were enjoined to keep the track clear and see that the switches were all right. Though we traveled at the rate of fifty miles an hour, there was scarcely a perceptible jar, and there was as little danger as riding in a horse-car. We stopped half an hour to inspect the company's machine shops at Bloomington; and, in passing through Springfield, every man took off his hat out of respect to the memory of our martyred President.

The West culminates at Chicago. There is nothing before it or beyond it. It is a cream-colored exhalation, but a very solid and substantial one. The inhabitants are all madmen, but very calculating and methodical in their madness. Thackeray said that "New York took his breath away." But Chicago blinds us by its magnificence and the daring enterprise of its people. We can see nothing more, so we whirl over the Michigan Southern and Lake Shore to Buffalo, and thence over the broad-gauged Erie to Pavonia, and look for New York, and see it not, because it is enveloped in fog. But all the rest has been sunshine, and jollity, and Pullman palace-cars, and pleasantness. We are absent ten days from New York, we travel more than four thousand miles, we meet with no accident, we suffer no inconveniences, see no distress, are besought by no beggars. We exclaim, What a country! and, shaking hands with Mr. Dennison and Mr. Skiddy, promise never to forget the Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

C. F. B.

MR. FULLER, a Methodist preacher, found it necessary to eke out a scanty living by selling books. He called on a lady in a parish where he once labored. As he announced his errand, the lady expressed her horror and surprise. "What! Mr. Fuller, I thought you labored for souls, and not for money." Fuller replied: "A minister cannot live on souls; and, if he could, he'd soon depopulate such a region as this."

Book Table.

THE RECREATIONS OF REAVIS.*

WE learn from Homer that the gods sometimes unbend; though what may have been the particular pastime of that distinguished deity who bore the spacious firmament upon his shoulders we have no means of knowing. Here in America, however, we have an Atlas of our own in a small way, which his name it is Reavis. The task assigned to him by the deities is that of bearing the vaulted dome of our National Capitol upon his shoulders from the banks of the peaceful Potomac across the Alleghanies to the shores of the muddy Mississippi. To ordinary men this undertaking would seem a formidable one; to Reavis it is but a trifling task. All such superhuman labors he dispatches, or promises to dispatch, with a certain sublime facility; if we may be permitted the profane simile, they are just as easy to him as rolling off a log. It is plain that if Reavis remains long on the earth we shall need a change of metaphors. "Herculeam" has been, until now, a tolerably effective word; but in its application to labors like those of Reavis its feebleness becomes strongly apparent. For who was Hercules? What exploits of his will bear mentioning in the same breath with those of our heaven-descended, dome-lifting, capitol-compelling Reavis? Cleaned the Augean Stables, did he? But does anybody pretend that the Augeun Stables were for dimensions or for dirtiness anything to compare with our National Capitol? And our Reavis will pluck that, filth and all, from its foundations, and bear it across a continent. Hercules indeed! Let us hear no more of him. And that well-worn adjective derived from his name, that too must pass. It is utterly inadequate. We must have something that shall better serve to describe the triumphs of the Nineteenth Century. How would Reavisionary do?

But we began this article with the purpose to characterize as best we might the recreations rather than the toils of our American Atlas. For this gigantic scion of a mighty race—this genius who by the word of his might pulls down and builds up the granite temples of our state—has his pastimes as well as his tasks. Like many lesser mortals, he finds a great pleasure in giving advice; and lying before us, in purple and gold, is a volume which, so far as we know, is the first contribution of Reavis to covered literature. The volume is not a thick one, but, as the title-page informs us, it undertakes to furnish "Thoughts for the Young Men and for the Young Women of America." The first sentence of the "Salutatory" strikes the keynote of Mr. Reavis's philosophy, and reveals to us the whole secret of his success in life. "Young men!" he begins, "the most potent fact which your senses can be cognizant of is the fact that you exist." This sentence was undoubtedly evolved from the consciousness of the writer. Mr. Reavis has found the center of the universe to be himself, and he wishes to assist others to the same discovery. This is the fundamental reason for the removal of the Capitol. The nation ought to establish the seat of its government as near as may be to the center of things. And it is well known that the residence of Reavis is the center of things.

A little further on in the same "Salutatory" we come upon one of those flashes of insight with which this book is often illuminated:

"At the very foundation of all individual education there should be taught and impressed with profoundest conviction upon every youthful mind two fundamental principles, which should never be lost sight of: first, that each human being born into the world, male or female, ought to be taught to know himself and herself; and, second, that each one must also *be* himself and herself."

The same lofty conception, we may well believe, animated the mind of the chief magistrate of the Southern Confederacy when he betook "himself and herself" to the long-sought last ditch, in which the National soldiers found him; and the same noble purpose always fires the soul of Dr. Mary Walker whenever she exhibits "himself and herself" on any stage.

Under the head of education Mr. Reavis has some highly emphatic remarks. "There are flagrant defects," he affirms, "in our sytems of education, both in the common schools and in the colleges." The fact which he mentions in the next sentence, that he knows but little of either, "having had but little opportunity for study in the common school and had (sic) passed the age of thirty before I saw a college building, and never was in but one, and that about five minutes, to see a professor—" does not in the least disqualify him for pronouncing a judgment upon their methods. As to novels Mr. Reavis does not approve of them. "I care not whether it be Victor Hugo or the Devil that is the author of a novel, the work is criminal when viewed from the highest interest of education and society. What a sad reflection it is," continues Mr. Reavis, "when we consider that Victor Hugo is the tallest column of intellectual and progressive humanity now living [*qualr*, lying?] upon the earth!" We should think so. But then it cannot be that Hugo is the tallest column living. There is Tupper. Alas! he writes novels But there is Train! And, not to put too fine a point upon it, as Mr. Snagsby would say, there is Reavis. Our reflections need not be so sad, after all. There are columns of intellectual and progressive humanity yet living and moving upon the earth who do not write novels.

Of politics Mr. Reavis has nearly as poor an opinion as of novels. "To be a politician," he says, "in the present sense of the term, is scarcely more than to be a drunken, scheming, deceiving, and ambitious conniver after power and plunder." "Conniver," in this connection, is very good, indeed. But when we consider how low an estimate Mr. Reavis puts upon the politicians, his readiness for his country's good to permit the whole unclean horde of "conivers" to infest the city of his residence, is positively touching. To such a measure of self-sacrifice few patriots attain. "Young man!" continues our author, "stay out of politics, *unless there is a whispering of the Infinite in your mind telling you that you were born to be a statesman!*" It would be curious to know just how many members of the present Congress have heard this whispering of the Infinite. There is certainly a suggestion of the infinite in the speeches of Mr. Garret Davis.

The better half of Mr. Reavis's book consists of "Thoughts for the Young Women of America." The dedication of this part of the book is a phenomenon. We cannot reproduce its monumental form, but here are its sublime sentences:

"To Anna Elizabeth Dickinson, born in humble life, the heir of no royal line; struggled [sic] against adversity and dared to do until she raised herself from obscurity to fame, she now stands in the front rank of American women firm in her own selfhood, one of the highest type and the best product of heroic toil; a radiant herald of a nobler womanhood, a glorious example for emulation by the young women of the Republic, is this little book faithfully inscribed by the author."

The felicitousness of this dedication can only be appreciated by those who know how severely the subject of it has been struggled against adversity, and how much she has been dared to do.

On the subject of industry, Mr. Reavis gives young women some earnest advice:

"The industrious girl will soon be distinguished from the lazy one by every one that sees her. She will be found doing the housework, sweeping, making beds, and cooking instead of her mother. [What she cooks instead of her mother Mr. Reavis does not say; but that is immaterial. It is enough for us to know that she does not cook her mother.] The lazy girl will be seen spending her time at the toilet, frizzing her hair, or sitting in the parlor, writing love-letters, while her mother is doing the work."

With respect to marriage, our author adopts Dr. Bushnell's theory that the privilege of popping belongs to women equally with men. His opinions on this subject are expressed with his accustomed cogency:

"Young women and old women have just as good right as men to 'put the question' to those whom they admire and love. What greater tribute of respect can any woman pay to a man than from the bottom of your soul to ask him to join her in marriage? Let me say to you, young woman, if you know some good man whom your soul seeks for its true lover and companion, allow nothing to delay, but go at once, and in the earnestness of your womanhood tell him your secret, the secret of your heart; and, if he be a MAN, he will, at least, the more highly esteem you for your regard for him."

We have no room for further extracts from this delightful book. The reading of it has deeply impressed us with the belief that the writer is, to use his own words, "a most potent fact." A man who can jump from the passive to the active voice in the same sentence without repeating his subject; who can make a nominative pronoun the object of a transitive verb; who can, in short, overleap all the ordinary restraints of syntax, is a man who will not be daunted by slight obstacles. The question of the removal of the Capitol is no longer with us an open question. Unless L. U. Reavis fate untimely doth bereave us it will soon be very quiet on the Potomac.

—The London Quarterly Review for April contains, among other interesting articles, a paper by Mr. Charles Chabot, Expert, entitled "The Handwriting of Junius Professionally Investigated." The article is illustrated with many fac similes of the handwriting of Junius, compared with that of Sir Philip Francis, and the evidence is perfectly conclusive that the two are one and the same person. There is an occasional attempt on the part of Junius to disguise the characteristics of his penmanship; but the disguise is very thin. To any person who has made a study of handwriting, the proof of the identity of Junius and Sir Philip could be made no stronger than it is made by these letters if the whole bench and bar of Great Britain, should unite in an affidavit affirming it as a fact of their personal knowledge. The "great unknown" is henceforth among the well-known, and "the shadow of a name" has vanished from literature. There is also a thoughtful and moderate review of Matthew Arnold's "St. Paul and Protestantism," especially referring to Mr. Arnold's views of disestablishment, with which, of course, the reviewer sympathizes.

—Bicknell's Village Builder has a voluminous title-page, which well describes the book and which may be worth copying. It contains "elevations and plans for cottages, villas, suburban residences, farm-houses, stables and carriage-houses, store-fronts, schoolhouses, churches, courthouses, and a model jail; also exterior and interior details for public and private buildings, with approved forms of contracts and specifications, including prices of building materials and labor at Boston and St. Louis, with fifty-five plates drawn to scale, showing the style and cost of building in different sections of the country." It is a fine imperial quarto, and the plans, many of which are very pretty, are such that any carpenter can work from them. Ten dollars invested in a book like this will give to any man proposing to build a home a choice of several tasteful designs; and even those who have no such immediate purpose may get ten dollars' worth of innocent enjoyment out of the book in studying its fascinating pages and thinking of the houses they would like to build. The book is published by A. J. Bicknell & Co., 27 Warren st., N. Y.

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FAIRYLAND.*

BY ANNA WARNER.

I have been a good deal interested in one of my seedling dahlias. Instead of the two rather broad, sturdy seed-leaves with which all the rest came forth into the light, this sent up one Siamese-twin of a leaf; the two seed-leaves that should have been were joined together nearly their whole length and with a single footstalk. Where would the true leaves make their appearance? There was nothing between but the seed-leaves; but only an irregular, out-of-the-way affair, that looked as if it knew not what to do with itself. I watched and waited; it did not droop, it did not grow. The other young dahlias put forth their first pair of leaves, and their second pair of leaves; and still the strange little seedling shewed nothing but its first one-sided growth. At last, when the third pair of leaves began to unfold on all the rest, the life in this one began to stir. Down at the very foot of its one leafstalk, close to the ground, came out a confused tuft of leaves. One seed-leaf—a sort of compound between what the first should have been and what it was—with a cluster of other true leaves, as if first, second, and third had got all mixed up, and came out in a hurry together. But, once fairly roused up, the little plant kept on. And now, transplanted to the garden, you would not know it from the rest; unless, looking close, you spied the shapeless little tuft that clothes the foot of the stem.

You will find now that the clumps of tulips and hyacinths, just past their beauty, are decidedly in the way; taking room that you want to occupy at once with other plants. I have seen it stated, somewhere, that, if the roots are lifted carefully, and set in a trench in a mount-of-the-way corner and well covered with earth, they will mature their leaves nearly as well as if undisturbed. It may be so; but I should not like to try it with any of mine. It seems to me that, even if the old bulbs do not suffer, the young ones, just forming, must. A better way, I think, is to plant out your seedling stocks and asters and petunias among the bulbs as they stand. By the time these little things have established themselves and begun to grow, the others, whose work is done, can be safely taken up. Look over the beds from time to time, and wherever you see a tuft of leaves turning yellow or drying off at the tips the root is ready for its rest. Take them up in dry weather, and lay them in a dry, shady place until the leaves are quite dead. Label the different kinds at first, and when dry store them away in separate wraps of soft paper; all seed-bulbs are very good for this. Keep them in a dry, airy place until the time for 50 planting comes round again.

But, you will say to me, many people never take up their tulips or hyacinths at all. I know; but they lose a good deal for this saving of trouble. The bulbs may bear respectably for a season or two; but they are pretty sure to run down after a while and your beautiful "King Pepin," or "Crown," or "Duchess of Brunswick," indeed of one or two large, clearly-marked, not proudly-set blossoms, will give you a crop of most unworthy descendants. I have this is even more true of hyacinths than of tulips. Besides, if they are left in the flower beds all summer, they run much risk of being cut or injured in the planting of other things and the dressing of the ground. You cannot remember just where they are, unless you mark the place most carefully; and blinds standing alone are only pleasant in spring, when your beds are all promise.

Now, while everything is making rapid growth, give strict attention to training and pruning. A little neglect while the plants are making shape cannot always be made up for afterward. Have neat dark sticks (with the bark on is prettiest; no painted ones look so well) plenty of soft strings. Twine or tie are not to rent; so, if you have neither coarse flax nor bast mat, take old bits of cord braid or binding—even neatly cut bits of cloth will do well, only let them all be dark colored. Few things look more trim in a garden than bits of red and white and blue rags fluttering and streaming among the taller plants. Leave no long end of any sort.

Celosias should be pegged well down to the ground. The gardeners have neat little pegs for the purpose; but, failing these, look for yourself little crotch sticks, with heads and short top, such as you can cut from any bushy stick in the woods. Petunias, that thrive well pegged down, and the trailing nasturtiums or nasturtiums. Alyssum, and mignonette, and such delicate things take care of themselves.

I have spoken before of the beauty of a well-kept colcus or achyranthus among flowering plants here and there. And sometimes it may seem hard to get them. I see all about that. But sometimes, too, a bed will furnish a cutting; sometimes you can find one not exactly "rolling up hill," and among 20 head, makes an average of more than $75 each; and the skimmed milk carried into pork.

There are very few farms of even 100 acres that can make as good a profit as this. Those who sell their hay will grow poor; those who feed it to stock will grow rich.

THE FENCES OF THIS COUNTRY HAVE COST

A first cost of fencing the farms in the State of New York was nearly $200,000,000, which has been computed by careful estimate they have to be renewed every 10 years. Upon this computation for New York the same proportion to the other parts of the country, we find that the total expense for all fences in the United States is $1,300,000,000—one-half of our national debt. 10 per cent. makes a charge of $130,000,000 annual expenditure to keep up. Mr. S. P. Boardman, in a recent Agricultural report, says, with startling fact, that our fences have already "cost more than our houses, cities included; than ships, boats, and vessels of every description which sail the oceans, lakes, and rivers; more than our manufactories of all kinds, with their machinery; more than any once class of property except real estate or investments in railroad property."

In Europe few fences are found, and expenses of maintenance are merely nominal. In France, Germany, and Holland farmers hold their land in common, with only narrow paths between. It is estimated that the average annual expenses of repairs to fences in America is about $1.50 per acre per annum, and this is much in excess of all other taxes, state and local put together. Farmers will find that this is one of the items that eat up the profits of farming. The only way to avoid it is, *sell your cattle*, which does away with all interior fences, and requires less expensive ones for boundary divisions. Fences, too, consume an enormous amount of room. A fence surrounding an acre lot will lose in tillable space 20 per cent. of the inside acre, or for a field of 16 acres one fence around the whole will lose not less than half an acre of land. And, if there are interior cross-lines, this amount will be more than doubled.

LIME—ITS EFFICACY ON SOUR LAND.

Lime is of great efficiency in the eradication of sorrel from sour land, and its effects are usually very permanent. A writer in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, London, England, says that he once knew a field containing but 166 acres, which formerly grew nothing but heath.

A good dressing of lime was applied on the surface of the sward, which has nearly doubled the value. This was done several years ago, and totally eradicated the heath. The lime to this day appears in full action; and its effects annually testify, from the richness and sweetness of the herbage, that the application of the lime entirely changed its character for the better.

THE BEST POTATOES.

The potato fever has really done the public some good. The Early Rose, which began the potato excitement at the enormous price of $50 per tuber, is now acknowledged by farmers, gardeners, and merchants to be the best early and most productive variety known.

The fever closes with the Peerless, another of Mr. Breeze's seedlings, also acknowledged peerless indeed as a late variety for winter keeping. Thus much the public has gained, which is, after all, a great advance upon the old times of the Goodrich, Peach-blow, and Mercer. Early Rose now sell easily for $5 per barrel, while the rest bring but $3 50.

SHEEP FOR RESTORING WORN-OUT LAND.

Mr. H. G. Abbott, of Vassalboro, Maine, several years since fenced off ten acres of land, so poor that nothing but white and yellow weeds grew upon it, and turned upon it fifty sheep, and kept them there two seasons. They ate up every green thing.

In the spring of the second season there sprung up a green coating, showing that the grass was coming in, and it gained so fast as to induce a withdrawal of the sheep the third season. The result was a crop averaging two tons to the acre on one portion, and two tons and a half on the other, of the best quality of hay. The weeds had nearly all disappeared.

PRODUCTIVE QUALITIES OF LUCERNE.

Lucerne, also known in some sections as alfalfa, is the most productive of all the nutritious grasses for soiling milch cows. It thrives well in soils rich and deep, but will not live on wet land; the drier the soil the better. It will yield from 2 to 4 cuttings per acre during the growing season. On good land each cutting will produce 2½ to 3 tons per acre, or 7 to 10 tons per acre during the whole season. It ranks in utility by the side of red clover and Timothy grass, and is preferred by cows even above the latter.

SOWED CORN.

A dairyman in the Eastern States last year sowed an acre of corn on his best land, and manured it in his best manner. He commenced cutting it about August 1st, and gave a generous cart-load to his 12 cows each up to the 29th of September. His estimate of the value of that acre over and above its cost is from $75 to $100. It kept up the flow of milk during the month, when the drought literally made the pasture bare, and kept his herd of cows in a superior condition.

EMIGRATION SOUTHWARD.

It is estimated that within a year 5,000 families have emigrated from Pennsylvania and taken up farms in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Virginia. Lands there are worth but $5 to $30 per acre, while in Pennsylvania land is held at $200.

A great tidal wave of emigration seems to be sweeping from Georgia and Alabama to Texas, over 119,000 persons having taken up residence in the Lone Star State within two years.

EXPERIMENTS IN FEEDING CATTLE.

An English chemist's experiments prove that 25 lbs. of milk, 100 lbs. of turnips, 50 lbs. of carrots, 9 lbs. of oatmeal, 7½ lbs. of barley, and 3½ lbs. of peas and beans are only the equivalent as food to make one pound of flesh; but it often happens that practice proves smarter than science, for hogs have been known to gain twice as much per day on the above nutriment as the chemist asserts.

A TURNIP HANGING BASKET.

Take a large turnip and scrape out the inside, leaving a thick wall all around; fill the cavity with earth, and plant in it some clinging vine or morning glory. Suspend the turnip with cords, and in a little time the vines will twine around the strings, and the turnip, sprouting from below, will put forth leaves and stems that will turn upward and curl gracefully around the base.

PROFITS OF POULTRY.

An experienced poultry-raiser says that he counts on a safe average of 150 eggs per year, exclusive of chickens, to each fowl. He estimates the keep of each fowl at $1 per year, and the gross income $3 per year. He has little faith in high-priced fancy fowls for common farming, and does not think that they lay any more eggs than the common or mixed breeds. He thinks that 100 fowls are as much as any family can raise with to advantage.

WHAT KIND OF TREES TO BUY FROM THE NURSERIES.

Select stout, stocky trees, 4 to 5 feet high, in preference to tall, spindling ones, 6 feet or more. Be particular to have good roots, an abundance of them, and well dug. These are the first requisites with them. You can easily get a top to suit yourself; but, if there are no roots, off goes all your top, and you must wait a couple of years in order to get good roots again.

HOW MUCH FOOD DO STOCK REQUIRE?

The usual estimate among practical graziers is 3 lbs. of hay to every 100 lb. weight of the animal. Therefore, an animal of 1,000 lbs. weight will need 30 lbs. of hay every day, or 1 ton every 2 months. This may be still more closely economized by feeding roots, or by cutting fodder and steaming it.

CHEESE FACTORIES IN KANSAS.

A cheese factory in Miami County, Kansas, has lately been established. One hundred cows are milked. The average cost of keeping each cow is $22.50 per year. The calves are kept for 5 to 8 days, and then sold for $5 each. The product of each cow reaches a sum total for the season of $98.14.

A YOUNG FARMER GIRL.

A young girl of 13, daughter of a veteran land millionaire in the West, has just been presented by her father with a gift of 7,000 acres of land. She is going to make a dairy farm of it, stocking it with five hundred cows.

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'68	2,114	83,987	3,811,500	290,000
'69	2,244	93,887	4,041,500	425,000
'70	2,394	98,887	4,191,500	560,000
'71	2,394	100,000	4,191,500	700,000
'72	2,394	100,000	4,191,500	840,000
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Insurance.

WHY PREMIUMS SHOULD BE PAID PROMPTLY.

WHILST so much is being said about the duty of life insurance companies to the public, it must not be forgotten that there are also obligations on the part of the assured themselves, amongst the most important of which is promptness in paying premiums.

It has been frequently explained that a part of the foundation on which the system of life insurance rests consists in the interest obtained upon the annual premiums given in consideration of a policy; and that, as the calculation is based upon punctual payments, this must necessarily form a great feature in a company's success.

The obligation to pay a premium punctually is as great as that on a commercial note. It forms part of the contract between the assurer and the assured, which, if not carried out, should equally be subject to a penalty. The policyholder ought, therefore, to be as anxious to pay his premium on the day it is due as he is to meet a business liability. Legally, indeed, he is obliged to do so, under pain of forfeiture of his policy; but many of the life companies, with commendable liberality, do, in peculiar instances and on proper proof of good intention on the part of the assured, waive their claim to a strict adherence to the letter of the law.

There are several cases in which the Equitable Life has done this; but their desire is and always has been to act in such a way with the delinquents as shall be consistent with their duty to the large number of the assured who are, as a body, always prompt in their engagements with that company.

What we have said on this subject bears directly also on the mode of paying premiums. We allude to the system introduced of late years of deferring the full payment by dividing the sum required into semi-annual and quarterly installments.

This plan has several objections, and for the following reasons:

First. The cost of insurance is greater, as the company must necessarily make an extra charge for additional clerical labor and loss of interest.

Second. The temptation to pass the premium days are increased, the assured having to make preparations for four, or at least two, payments during the year, instead of one.

And, *thirdly*, the assured suffers from so much additional trouble and anxiety.

To the company as well as to the policyholder it is of great importance that the premium should be paid in one sum, once during a year, as there is less danger of the money lying idle and uninvested than if these payments came in from time to time in small portions. A loss of any interest forms a considerable item in the making up of the profits. On all accounts, therefore, the annual mode of payment is the most profitable and the safest.

Financial & Commercial.

THE GREENBACK SWINDLE REAFFIRMED.

THE National Democratic Convention that met in New York in 1868 declared in one of its resolutions that "where the obligations of the Government do not expressly state upon their face, or the law under which they were issued does not provide, that they shall be paid in coin, they ought in right and in justice to be paid in the lawful money of the United States." By this "lawful money" the Convention meant greenbacks or legal-tender notes of the United States. This the people understood to be the Pendletonian swindle in respect to our bonded debt, pure and simple. They regarded it as a subtle and pompous way of announcing the doctrine of repudiation, and spurned alike the doctrine and its authors. Following the advice of Mr. Fessenden, they "repudiated the repudiators."

The "New Departure" Democracy of Ohio, in its recent convention, over which Mr. Pendleton presided, and of whose committee on resolutions Mr. Vallandigham was a member, adhere to the position taken by the National Democracy in 1868. We have the same doctrine in both cases, with very great similarity of statement. The Ohio Democrats now tell us that they "reject the proposition to pay the bondholders more than the contract with them demands." And, that there might be no mistake as to their meaning, they further say "that the creditor is entitled to be paid in the same currency he loaned to the Government"; and, to leave nothing to inference, they add "that where he loaned greenbacks he should be paid in greenbacks, unless the contract otherwise provides, and where he loaned gold he should be paid in gold." This is precisely the issue, almost in the very same form, which the Democracy made in 1868, and on which the party was overwhelmingly defeated. So far as the greenback swindle is concerned Ohio Democrats propose no "New Departure." They are steadfast in the old doctrine of virtual repudiation.

Let us, then, apply this theory to the facts. The larger part of the national debt, including all the five-twenty six per cent. bonds, contains no stipulation on the face of the bonds as to whether it shall be paid in *coin* or not. Moreover, the money which the Government received from the lender, and for which it issued these bonds, was not gold, but United States notes. The proposition, then, of the Ohio Democrats is to pay the greater portion of the bonded debt of the United States not in coin, but in greenbacks.

What, then, are these greenbacks? They are a part of the debt of the United States, bearing no interest, and by the Government made a legal-tender to meet the exigencies of war. What these repudiating Ohio Democrats demand is that the United States, as a debtor, having contracted an obligation by issuing an interest-bearing bond, should compel the creditor to receive in payment for the same another form of indebtedness that bears no interest. This, upon the very face of the statement, would be a gross violation of contract, unless such was the understanding of the parties when the obligation was assumed by the one party and accepted by the other. It would be simply a swindle. There is an old-fashioned doctrine, much older than the "New Departure" Democracy, and still current among honest men, which declares that a promise made is binding upon the party making it in the sense in which he had reason to suppose that the party receiving it understood it. This is the real sense of the promise, and to change the sense afterward, without the consent of the promisee, would be an act of fraud, none the less so because done by the Government.

Now, as a matter of history, there is no doubt, and there can be none, as to what was the understanding between the Government and the people when the five-twenty bonds were issued. The uniform practice of the Government had been to pay its bonded debt, principal and interest, in coin, except when otherwise expressly stipulated; and the lender had every reason to suppose that this practice would be continued. Moreover, two successive Secretaries of the Treasury, acting as the authorized fiscal agents of the Government, distinctly announced to the public that these bonds would be paid in gold. The loan was placed on the market on this well-understood basis, and on the same accepted by the people. There is no question about these facts; and with honest men there can be none as to the obligation of the Government to fulfill the contract in the sense in which it was made.

This Pendletonian swindle, now reaffirmed by the "New Departure" Ohio Democracy, is simply the afterthought of political villainy upon which the people expressed a very decided judgment in 1868. It asks the Government to make itself infamous by an act of bad faith. This may do for those who were Copperheads during the war; but the "New Departure" Democrats ought to know, and if they were politically wiser they would know, that a party carrying such an ensign of knavery will not be likely to win the favor of the American people. We are not a little surprised that Ohio Democrats, while they were about it, did not manage to give us also a "New Departure" from their old platform of repudiation, and make a clean sweep in coming over to the principles of the Republican party.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL NOTES.

THE maximum of the debt of the United States was in July, 1865, when it reached in round numbers 2,756 millions of dollars. In four years thereafter it was reduced by 265 millions of dollars, and in two years more by 223 millions—making in six years an aggregate reduction of 488 millions of dollars. Such an exhibition of fiscal strength leaves no doubt as to the ability of the American people or the purpose of the Government.

—The Montreal Ocean Steamship Company and the Allan line of steamers in 1870 carried from Montreal to Europe 121,524 barrels of flour and 3,614,200 bushels of grain. Most of this flour and grain came from the United States, and would have been shipped by way of New York City but for the bad canal policy of the State of New York.

—At the close of 1870 there were twenty railroads in the State of Iowa, having an aggregate mileage of 2,683 miles of road, of which 602 miles were laid in the course of the year.

—The people of the United Kingdom are taxed at the rate of about sixteen dollars per head, while those of this country pay an average federal tax of about thirteen dollars per head.

—The net increase of income of the Union Pacific Railroad for the first three months in 1871 exceeded that of the corresponding months in 1870 by $358,166.83.

—The city of Quebec receives $10,000 in annual revenue from chimney-sweeping. This is doing pretty well for a small city with a small kind of business.

—The valuation of real and personal estate in the State of Delaware in 1860 was $39,767,233, and in 1870 it was $64,787,233.

MONEY MARKET.

THE most remarkable financial fact ever heard of in the history of commerce, recorded in all the daily papers of Tuesday last, is that, while money was so abundant on Monday that it was loaned at the rate of two per cent. per annum, while gold was so scarce that it was loaned at the rate of ⅛ to 5-16 per cent. a day, and all the time while those who needed gold had to pay so exorbitant a price for its use, the Government holds nearly a hundred millions lying idle in the vaults of the Sub-Treasury, and of no use to anybody. These are surprising facts; but they are not half so surprising as the fact that they create no surprise among people. What would be said if the Government kept any other commodity, say pig iron or pig lead, massed in such quantities, for which it had no use, while the people were put to such straits for the lack of it? If the Secretary of the Treasury thinks it necessary to keep a hundred millions of gold in hand to meet any possible demand upon him, although it is not possible that there should be any demand which he cannot anticipate, why should he not loan his gold on proper securities to those who want to use it? It is reported that he intends checkmating the gold speculators by prepaying the July interest without rebate; but the gold speculators can easily absorb all the gold that he pays out, as well as all he sells. The scarcity of what is called "cash gold" is well known to be purely artificial, and that the Treasury Department might at a moment's notice break up all the gold rings and combinations for making gold scarce and dear. It would be unwise in the Government to attempt any interference with the course of trade for the purpose of affecting prices; but the whole system of the Treasury under the anomalous condition of two different currencies, one for itself and one for commerce, is an artificial interference with the course of trade. The theory of the revenue laws is that the income of the Government shall just meet its expenditure. But the Treasury receives a larger amount than it requires; and by keeping it locked up, instead of returning it to the people, as it should do, it disturbs the course of trade, and creates troubles which it is its duty to prevent. The Government is bound to take care of itself; but it is also bound to take care of the people. The price of gold at the beginning of the week rose to 112⅛, and the use of it for twenty-four hours to ½ per cent. commission. If the Treasury Department made a discreet use of its resources, gold would not bear a premium much above 5 per cent., and the use of it would not command a higher rate of interest than the use of greenbacks.

The Bank Statement of Saturday last exhibited a loss in both legal-tenders and in specie, but not to an extent that created any apprehensions of a dear money market; and money literally goes a-begging on call loans at 2 to 3 per cent., and almost any kind of bonds and stocks are taken as collaterals.

But the great abundance of loanable funds and the prospects of continued ease in the money market do not stimulate speculations, although prices remain high and firm on the Stock Exchange; and but for the abundance of money there would have been a collapse in Lake Shore and in Rock Island when it became known that the question of an extra dividend in both cases had been left to the consideration of meetings to be held six weeks hence. In the case of Rock Island, the price of which fell off from 125 to 120, there is good reason to expect an extra dividend from the accumulated profits of the road. But there is no such ground for expecting a dividend in Lake Shore, which has no surplus earnings; and the only excuse for a stock dividend is that the holders of the stock must resort to some expedient to save them from a loss. But that won't do it. If they issue $15,000,000 new stock for the purpose of doubling their track and using steel rails, and give half of it to the stockholders, which is their reported intention, the effect would be to knock down the market value of the stock exactly in proportion to the bonus bestowed upon the stockholders. And then the stock would be weakened, in addition, by the greater quantity of it put upon the market. So nothing will be gained by the operation.

It is just a year since the break in the stock market occurred last season, from which it did not recover under nine months; and, as that event happened on the day when Mr. Woodward went off on a strawberry pic-nic with the Sunday-school of St. James church, Brooklyn, there was no little alarm created in the Street, on Monday, when it was whispered around among the brokers that Woodward was going on a Sunday-school pic-nic the next day. But there was no collapse in the market, and Ohio & Mississippi was 6 per cent. higher than on the corresponding day last year.

It was the outbreak of the French War last year that broke the back of the stock market; but just know there are no disturbances of any kind that threaten to bring disasters upon the "bulls." Excepting Hannibal & St. Joseph Preferred, which sold at 86¾ on Monday, and at 117 on the same day last year, prices are generally higher. New York Central & Hudson is about 1 per cent. lower, but it is strong in price; and Delaware, Lackawanna, and Hudson is 5 per cent. lower, on an apprehension of its paying no dividend in July.

The general condition of the money market and trade generally are favorable to higher rates in investment securities.

The following statement gives the comparative earnings of the Central Pacific Railroad Company:

For the month of May, 1871	$217,702
" " " 1870	105,726
Increase this year over 1870	$111,976
Earnings first 5 months, 1871	3,316,445
" " " 1870	2,657,809
Increase this year over 1870	658,636

DRY GOODS.

THE last week has been a season of remarkable activity in all descriptions of domestic cotton fabrics, and an advance of ⅛ to 1 cent a yard has been generally established, while the sales have taken nearly everything out of the hands of the manufacturers' agents, and led to pretty extensive contracts for future delivery at the current value. The advance in the price of the raw material to the extent of 5 cents a pound in the course of three weeks would be a sufficient explanation of this advance in the prices of the manufactured article; but, in addition to this cause, there come reports now from the South of a diminished production the present season, which some reports place at two millions of bales. It has begun to be generally known, too, that there is an actual scant supply of goods at the West, with an increasing demand from immigration and the natural increase of population, for which our manufacturing facilities at the East, large as they are, can hardly manage to make provision. Purchasing at the present prices, therefore, can hardly be called a speculative movement, as it is pretty sure to leave a handsome profit to those who have the foresight and the means to lay in a large stock for the next season. In blue goods the advance of prices is generally 1 cent a yard, and the rates have been put up in nearly every make of medium and low qualities of brown goods.

In unbleached sheetings and shirtings there has been considerable excitement during the week, and the advance has been general on the whole list, to the extent of 1 cent, with indications of still higher prices, in standard makes.

In bleached sheetings and shirtings the course of speculation has been about the same as in brown goods, and from the same causes. In some instances prices are nominally unchanged; but the market is nearly bare of the goods, and sales are made for future delivery only at value when delivered. The present week will probably witness an advance in the popular makes.

Printing cloths are in good demand, and the restricted quantity in first hands leads to very limited sales. Prices are firm for future delivery at 7¼ cts. for 64s standard quality in the gray.

There is less activity in prints than in most other descriptions of domestic cotton goods, but prices are firmly maintained, and the market is well supplied with the favorite styles of light effects and medium colorings.

Ginghams are in less demand, and the sales of the week were small for the season; but prices are steady.

Printed lawns and percales are in better demand, the early warmth of the season being favorable to these goods. Prices are unchanged and firm.

Denims, as is the case with other descriptions of blue goods, are generally more firmly held, and an advance of 1 cent a yard has been established in the more popular marks.

Cottonades are not in active demand, and prices are without important change, but firm.

Cotton bags are in less active demand; but the sales are to a fair extent, and prices are well sustained, but unchanged.

Cambrics are in improved demand and sell freely. Prices are firm with a tendency to advance.

Rolled jaconets continue in lively demand, and the leading makes have been cleared out of the hands of agents, while contracts are made for future delivery at advanced prices.

Silesias are selling steadily, but mostly to the clothing houses, at steady prices.

Cotton flannels are in good demand, and the stock in first hands is pretty well cleared out on speculative sales.

Apron checks are not in pressing demand, but the sales are increasing and prices are steady.

In domestic woolens there is generally an improved demand, and some of the large jobbing houses, as well as the clothing manufacturers, are beginning to make their selections for the early fall trade.

In cloths there is a moderately active demand, mostly from the clothiers, for some of the most favorite makes. Overcoatings are in fair demand, but without special activity. Prices are steady.

Fancy cassimeres of low and medium grades are in less active demand since the advance in prices, and the clothiers are only taking hold of some of the more desirable styles, which they buy with great caution. Prices are firm and agents have confidence in maintaining the market.

Satinets are without material change. The favorite makes are in fair demand, and there is little doing in the lower grades.

Flannels are in rather better demand, and a trifling decline of prices would doubtless induce large purchases. There is a small supply of salable qualities in first hands, however, and prices are firmly maintained.

Foreign goods are without any change which requires particular mention. It is said that the demand for laces and thin fabrics designed for summer wear has fallen off earlier than usual; but this is probably owing to the demand having commenced earlier. The importers are getting rid of their seasonable goods and the odds and ends of broken invoices through the channels of the auction-rooms, and are generally willing to submit to lower prices. There is no scarcity of any description of staple goods.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS AND DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

No. 5 NASSAU ST., N. Y., June 5th, 1871.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY are extending their line of road to the head of reliable navigation on the Ohio River, where it will meet and connect with lines now building or projected, to the principal railroad centers and river cities of the Western States. Two hundred and twenty-seven miles are in operation, and the rails (steel and iron) for one hundred miles additional are now being laid. The road will have, when completed, a large East and West through business, besides an immense mineral and general local traffic.

THE SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD Co. are amply secured, and very desirable for safe and profitable investment. We believe them to be of equal value and security with the Central Pacific Bonds, negotiated by us, and must take a like rank in market value and salable character.

Holders of Five-twenty bonds, desiring to fund them otherwise than in the New Five Per Cent. Government Loan, may do so with entire safety, at a profit of about 20 per cent., and without reduction of interest, by an exchange for the Bonds of the CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD Co.

Price of the Bonds, until further notice, 92 and accrued interest from May 1st.

We also buy and sell Government Securities, and the Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and, as agents of the U. S. Government, will attend to the funding of 5-20s into the new U. S. Bonds.

FISK & HATCH.

GREAT NATIONAL LOAN.

133,000,000 NEW 5 PER CENTS.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN COIN.

Interest quarterly, February, May, August, and November.

BONDS FREE OF ALL TAXES, LOCAL OR NATIONAL.

THE Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the public debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States 6 per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as Five-Twenties, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan and accrued interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered, in connection with $300,000,000 Four-and-one-half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the registered stock of this loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by gold check for the quarterly interest, to the post-office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the new loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds, and in addition to these proceeds the 5-20s are being reduced by purchases, averaging for two years past about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the new loan, in connection with the existing sinking fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both principal and interest of the public debt of the United States. *The loan creates no additional supply of Government stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the funded stocks bearing six per cent. gold interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the war in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,755,000,000 and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both debt and taxes—to reduce the principal of the debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of interest, and thereby the burden of taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high credit, unblemished public faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,755,000,000 the principal of the debt has been reduced to $2,260,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum the interest charge has been reduced to $112,780,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the internal revenue system, which the necessities of the war and the debt thereby created rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865-66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870-71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month the last of the fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871-72 a further reduction of $28,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $126,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865-66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $136,700,949, or an average saving per year of $63,350,474—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years; or so much of it as requires the machinery of district assessors and collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20s for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20s by the further sum of $8,217,400, by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,894,128,750, as against $2,107,846,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net circulation of the Treasury (that is, in greenbacks and greenback certificates, after deducting gold and currency on hand), the following is the comparison of debts of all kinds at present, and at the close of the war, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U. S. Stocks	$2,197,781,113	$2,107,846,150	$1,894,128,750
Circulation	999,211,663	356,743,304	356,330,693
Total	$3,755,995,275	$2,491,589,954	$2,250,461,733

C. C. NORVELL,
In charge of Advertising U. S. Loans.

TREASURY OFFICE, NEW YORK, June 5, 1871.

TANNER & CO.,
BANKERS,
11 WALL ST., NEW YORK,
DEALERS IN
STOCKS, BONDS, GOLD, & EXCHANGE.

ORDERS EXECUTED AT THE STOCK AND GOLD EXCHANGES.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO CHECK AT SIGHT.

Buy and Sell, at current market rates, the FIRST MORTGAGE EIGHT (8) PER CENT. GOLD BONDS of the ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD CO.

Interest payable August and February, in New York, London, or Frankfort-on-the-Main, free of U. S. Taxes.

TANNER & CO.,
No. 11 WALL ST.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, June 12, 1871.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city, is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.			
Merrimack, W.	13½	Wamsutta	23½
Merrimack, D.	11	Garner & Co.	9½
Cocheco, L.	11½	Arnold	8½
Sprague	10½	Hamilton	11
Pacific	11	Richmond	10½
American	10½	Gloucester	10½
Dunnells	11	Mourning	10½
Allens	10½	Lancaster	10½
Manchester	10½	Oriental	10½
GINGHAMS.			
Lancaster	15	Roanoke	12½
Hartford	12	Glasgow	13
BROWN SHEETINGS.			
Amoskeag, A	14	Pepperell, E	12½
Lawrence, D	12	" R	11½
" H	10½	" N	10½
" R	9	" O	9½
" H	9	" C	8½
Pacific, Extra	12	" H	10½
" H	10½	" R	9½
Atlantic A	13½	Boot, S	12
" H	12	" H	10½
" R	11½	Appleton, A	12½
" V	9½	Lark, S	10½
Augusta, F	9	Laconia, O	11½
Stark, A	13	" E	10
Massachusetts	12	" F	9½
Indian Head, BB	13½	Tremont, C	10½
" H	12½	" D	9½
Exeter, A	11½	Tremont, C	8½
Medford	11½	Indian Orchard, A	10½
Augusta	10½	" B	10½
" S	10	" W	9½
Pittsfield, A	9	Great Falls, H	8½
Kennebec, H	10½	" E	9½
Bedford, H	13½	" M	11
Rockaest,	12½	" S	9½
" F	9½	Dwight, A	9½
Newmarket, A	10	" X	8½
BLEACHED MUSLIN.			
New York Mills	14½	Reynolds, AA	11
Wamsutta	20	Mystic Lake	11½
"	17	Saliqua A, Sup	12½
Tuscarora	13½	"	7½
Bates	15½	Lonsdale	13½
White Rock	15½	" Cambric	22½
Forestdale	13	Hill	12½
Masonville	16	"	7½
Blackstone	14	Bartlett	14½
Hope	13½	32-inch	17½
Langdon	14½	31-inch	16½
" 42-inch	14½	James's m'n Mills	15
" 45-inch	16	" 36-inch	13½
Waureza	12	" 40-inch	15½
Pepperell	20	Great Falls, S	11½
"	17½	" A	12½
"	15	" Q	14½
Utica	7½	Red Bank	14½
"	6½	"	7½
"	5½	Waltham, A	9½
Boot, H	7½	"	10½
" R	8½	42-inch	13½
" W	6½	"	8½
Androscoggin	6½	"	7½
Canoe	5½	Bay Mills	16½
Dwight,	7½	Green, G	14½
Long Cloth	16	Amoskeag	7½
		"	6½
DENIMS.			
Amoskeag	15	Otis Company, CC	16
York	25	" BB	19
Rue Hill	10½	" AA	21
Worumbo Man'g	18	Warren, Brown	17
Union	18	Lewiston, Brown	15
Manchester	30	Columbian	16
STRIPED SHIRTINGS.			
Amoskeag	19	Whittenton, A	16
York	15	" BB	14½
Uncasville	12	" C	12½
American	12	Easton	8½
Hamilton	17	Thorndike	16
Brunswick	18½	Harmarket	10½

OFFICE OF CHIEF QUARTERMASTER, FIRST DIV. MIL. DIST., DEPT. OF THE EAST, NEW YORK CITY, May 16th, 1871.

SEALED PROPOSALS, in duplicate, with a copy of this advertisement attached to each, are invited and will be received at this office until 12 M., June 25th, 1871, for the erection of a Brick and Stone Lodge at the National Cemetery, Cypress Hills, Long Island, in accordance with plans and specifications on file in this office. Materials must be furnished by the contractor. Separate estimates must be made for each of the Lodges. The proposals must be endorsed, "Proposals for Cypress Hills Lodge," and addressed to the undersigned, of whom any further information can be obtained.

R. N. BATCHELDER,
Major and Quartermaster U. S. A., C. Q. M.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

(A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.)

BREADSTUFFS.—The Wheat market during the past week has shown more activity, and at times has been quite buoyant. The limited arrivals, unfavorable private advices from Great Britain in regard to the Wheat crop, some advance in gold, and a decline in freights have given buyers the advantage, and we have to note an advance of 5@6 cents per bushel on Spring and 2@3 cents on Winter. The demand has been very general, mainly for export, though we notice quite a brisk speculative inquiry, in part on Southern account. We have added somewhat to our stock, chiefly Spring; but find the assortment not very desirable. The quantity on the canal is 765,000 bushels, which is much less than exporters anticipated. This and the strong letters from Liverpool add largely to the speculative feeling. At yesterday's market, with limited arrivals and favorable Liverpool advices, the market was strong, but only moderately active. The sales of the week were 586,500 bushels, and the exports 665,396 bushels. There have been no new features worthy of note in our Flour market during the past week. The arrivals have been moderate and demand fair, and prices generally have ruled steady. The stock here is quite light, and of sound Shipping Extras the assortment is poor. Family brands are less plenty, and have improved, with a strong upward tendency. At the close, under light present and prospective arrivals, a slight advance has been established. The sales of the week were 46,950 barrels, and the exports 20,881 barrels. Oats have been in active demand, and have improved; the inquiry partly speculative, though chiefly for the trade. The stock is light for the season and the supply on the canal quite moderate. At the close there is a good demand and the market is strong. Corn has arrived quite freely, and has proved to be in a better condition than hitherto; and, with some advance in gold and a decline in freights per steamer, prices have fluctuated and close steady, with a limited range in prices, owing to its improved condition. The sales of the week were 615,000 bushels, and the exports 258,500 bushels. Barley is extremely scarce, and no sales have been reported.

COFFEE.—The market for Brazil remains in about the same stagnated state as noted for some time past. There seems to be little or no distributed demand from the interior, and our dealers and the trade are averse to increasing their stocks where there is no immediate prospect of disposing of them; hence the extreme slow movement here for months past. The sales during the week were but of little account; other markets for the other kinds about as dull as ever, and prices to a great extent nominal.

COTTON.—There was some irregularity in the market for this staple since our last, especially during the early part of the week, at which time there was a weak tone and some signs of a decline; but toward the close, under favorable Liverpool advices, the market became firm and a decided advance took place, making an improvement since this day week of ⅛ ct. on Low Middlings and ¼ ct. on Middling Uplands, and the market closes active and firm at 19¼ for the former and 20½ for the latter.

MOLASSES.—We have to speak of the Molasses market as we do of the Coffee market as to the condition of trade, the only difference being that Molasses has been more in buyers' favor and stocks accumulating. The trade are doing almost nothing in Grocery grades; and refiners, being for the most part supplied, partly by direct importation, are not in the market, especially as the prices of their products are low and unremunerative. Distilling grades are neglected and nominal. New Orleans remains as dull as ever, and prices are nominal.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product has shown a fair amount of activity and a recovery from the extreme depression previously noted. The stimulus was largely of a speculative character, but assisted to some extent by an improved call for consumption and a fair movement for export, though some shippers continue to report their instructions as leaving them entirely without a margin for profit. A great many of the operators, however, have throughout remained passive; and, though acknowledging ruling values to be comparatively cheap, seem to think the old stocks still on hand and the summer packing together will prove more than sufficient for all calls up to the next crop, and tend to prevent any reaction of magnitude. Mess Pork and Lard are still the principal objects of attraction, Box Meats remaining very dull and Prime Mess Pork without friends, except in a jobbing way. Beef has remained in a slow, uncertain condition, though, on the whole, quite tame; and, while prices are without decided change, concessions would be allowed free buyers.

SUGAR.—The demand for Raw Sugars since our last has been moderate and the market presenting rather a marked contrast with the activity of the early part of the week; yet a fair inquiry has prevailed from refiners and occasionally from the trade, prices from day to day ruling very uniform. The demand for Refined has gradually fallen off, and, as a result, prices have declined, but the market closes with a steady tone.

TICKS.			
York, 30-inch	22½	Swift River	12
York, 25-inch	21	Methuen, A A	23½
Amoskeag A. C. A	29	Hamilton, Regular	20
" B	24	W & W Brook	23½
" C	20	Everett	19
" D	18	" A. Extra	20½
Conestoga, Gold M'l	26	Hampden, CC	18½
" Extra, 4-4	25	Pearl River	20
		Pittsfield	8
CORSET JEANS.			
Amoskeag	13	Pepperell	13½
Pemberton	13	Bates	10
Laconia	12½	Indian Orchard	10
New Market	10	Everett	10½
BROWN DRILLS.			
Amoskeag	13½	Appleton	13½
Pemberton	13	Tremont	12½
Laconia	12½	Augusta	12½
Stark, A	12½	Winthrop	11½
DELAINES.			
Pacific	18	Lowell	18
Hamilton	18	Saragues	18
Manchester	18	Arnares	19
CANTON FLANNELS.			
Hamilton	16	Everett	15½
Laconia	16	Amoskeag, A	19
Tremont, A	15½	Killerton, H	26
" H	15½	" P	18
Nashua A	13½	" O	19

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